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BY A. B. FRENCH.

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Liberal lectures

LIBERAL LECTURES.



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PREFACE.

DURING the past five years friends have constantly importuned me for my lectures. Only a few of the many delivered have appeared in print, and those in papers not readily accessible to the masses. To meet this demand I have compiled, in this volume, such of my published discourses as were easily obtained. They are, with a single exception, only abstracts of addresses, rapidly delivered, and largely the inspiration of the hour.

All discourses of this character, when transferred to type, necessarily lose the living fire attendant upon their delivery.

Should the success of this little volume warrant the expense, another and larger will, in due time, follow.

During more than twenty years of public life I have studiously avoided newspaper notoriety and the making of books, of which there seems no end.

Standing now upon life's summit, and realizing the sunset is not afar, I may be indulged in the desire to perpetuate some of the thoughts I have uttered.

Should they meet the approbation of those who peruse them, I can assure the reader that whatever of merit they contain is quite as much due to the kind friends who have encouraged me as to any gifts of my own.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb., 1886.

CONTENTS.

LECTURE I.

CONFLICTS OF LIFE, ...	7
------------------------------	---

LECTURE II.

THE POWER AND PERMANENCY OF IDEAS, ...	30
--	----

LECTURE III.

THE UNKNOWN, ...	45
------------------------	----

LECTURE IV.

PROBABILITY OF A FUTURE LIFE, ...	63
---	----

LECTURE V.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS, ...	74
--------------------------------	----

LECTURE VI.

THE EGOTISM OF OUR AGE, ...	97
-----------------------------------	----

LECTURE VII.

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM,—ITS DUTIES AND DANGERS,	110
--	-----

LECTURE VIII.

WHAT IS TRUTH?	123
--------------------------	-----

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM, ...	133
---------------------------------------	-----

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION, ...	138
--	-----

LIBERAL LECTURES.

LECTURE I.

CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

Delivered before the Graduating Class of Clyde High School.

HUMAN life is a conflict. Its struggles begin with our first breath, and only end when pale death closes the scene, and draws over the conqueror and the conquered his white and icy shroud. The foes each way-worn pilgrim must meet on life's dusty way are legion. Foes from without and foes from within. We need not ask why we live. We are here under the iron heel of an inexorable necessity. No thought of ours determined the day or age of our birth, nor yet our heritage, or lineage, or the family to which we should be allied. There is no merit or demerit in noble or ignoble blood. We live by the fiat of God. If we ask how we live, science and experience are daily working out the problem; but when we inquire why we live, we enter an

arena wherein theological gladiators have held mortal combat for ages. Moreover, our lives begin in conflict. The first sound from the young stranger who wakes to consciousness in this great world is a wail of lamentation. We enter life's mysterious threshold, heave a sigh at its open gate, and the last act closes with sorrowing friends pouring their tears over the dying couch. Wherever life is manifest, there do we see constant conflict. So true is this that the smallest insect in a drop of water, as well as man, lives only by struggle and warfare. Nature meets us with an armed legion on every side, and we are forced to fight life's physical battles single-handed and alone. However clear our right to live, we are obliged to defend it from a thousand malicious enemies. It would appear that man took possession of the world before nature was ready for his coming. He came to a world not yet perfect. Earthquakes were rumbling under his feet, and volcanoes spitting molten fire over his head, while the angry tread of the tempest was felt on every side. It is estimated that not less than a dozen earthquakes rend the surface of the globe annually, and at least thirteen millions of human lives have been destroyed by them. If we should multiply this number by a thousand, we should no doubt be quite as near the truth. In 1868 the Sandwich Islands and coast of South America were visited by an earthquake which destroyed thirty thousand lives and three hundred million dollars' worth of property. It left the whole coast of Peru in a state of desolation and ruin.

Most of you have read of the great earthquake at Lisbon in 1775. It was felt from Norway to Morocco,

and from Poland to the West Indies. It lifted the whole bed of the North Atlantic Ocean. The horrors of Java are still fresh in your memory. Volcanoes continue to destroy man, and the work of his hand, as Vesuvius buried ancient Pompeii, without mercy. The fires of Stromboli have not died out in two thousand years. Storms and cyclones still continue their work of death.

I was traveling last year through Minnesota, and, in passing Rochester, a gentleman pointed out the path of a great cyclone that had swept over the city. I looked along its track and thought of the homes toiling love had built, and of the happy firesides which had been torn into shapeless heaps of ruin in one brief moment. Then I thought of the men, women, and children driven in a breath into death's hungry mouth, and I said to myself: "Can it be that human life is only the plaything of mad forces kindled by some monster intent upon our ruin?" Every year we are made conscious of the fact that pestilence travels on the wings of the wind, scattering the black arrows of death through town and city. Chills freeze, fevers burn, and life is assailed by a thousand diseases on every side. At times the hot sun wheels day after day in a cloudless sky, burning up the vegetation. After drought comes famine, like a merciless hyena, to eat our quivering flesh. Moreover, we are carnivorous, and are often doomed, by the warlike passions of our nature, to fight our fellow men.

The physical battles of life may be said to be threefold. Involuntary, semi-volitional, and voluntary.

You have probably observed that a large proportion lie beyond the range of volition. We often suffer by reason of organic defects, predetermined for us. How

many carry through life the marks of parental sin upon them,—born with hereditary tendencies they cannot control, and by reason of which the hungry wolf of pain gnaws at their vitals all through life. Some are born into this world deformed, and drag through it the ball and chain of physical infirmity. They are monsters on whom all eyes turn, and for whom all tender hearts have pity. Bitter, indeed, is the conflict of their lives. Neither their prayers nor the tears of their sorrowing friends can avert the dark shadows fate has cast over them. Others suffer by the hand of external nature,—by the unfriendly forces of earth, air, and sky.

The second class of conflicts is partly from our own hands, and also, in part, the result of powers and agencies beyond us. This simple statement leads into an almost endless field. It calls up the old and yet always new question of free agency,—a question man has discussed from time immemorial, and will probably continue to debate for ages to come. We shall not attempt to solve it tonight. We are ready to concede to the fatalist that the sphere of our freedom is a small one. We freely admit things both seen and unseen weave around us a web of circumstances, and impel us to action. But while we are aware that all these subtle influences mold human life, we are not quite ready to concede that man is a subject. God has made us kings as well as serfs. The unbroken evidence of human consciousness gives man an orbit of freedom,—makes him feel that he can will and do. In short, the final court of appeals asserts we are, in a limited and finite sense, a supreme power in our sphere of life and action.

In our semi-volitional conflicts we suffer by reason of the false relations we sustain toward the natural world about us. The forces of nature are all good when properly used, and evil when improperly dealt with. Heat is good, and brings to our lives unnumbered blessings. Indeed, scientifically considered, heat is life, while cold is death. It clothes the hills in verdure, and the valleys with flowers. Heat kindles the smile on our baby's cheek, and flashes in love's radiant eye. But man can only endure a mean temperature, and when exposed to a tropical sun or angry flames his life is in peril. Cold has its use. Winter, with his bleak winds and drifts of snow, is one of the factors God uses for the perfection of the earth; but man can endure only a limited degree of cold without injury to health and life. Man was made to labor. Labor is God's richest blessing to our race. It brings with it sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. And, let me say, there is no distinction in labor. All useful labor is sacred. The miner in earth's dark tomb; the architect toiling up in the highest tower; the sailor clinging to the reeling mast on the crest of the mad ocean waves; the poor seamstress in poverty's wretched hut, stitching her mother's life and hopes away; the scientist in his study; the statesman guiding the ship of state; the biographer trying to unravel life's tangled threads,—all are doing sacred work. But labor has its limitations. Tired hands and feet must rest. Too much labor brings with it a broken constitution to whip us with a scorpion-lash through life. No people suffer more from broken constitutions than the American people. We are altogether too fast. We grow up in a hurry; eat in a hurry; sleep in a

hurry; walk in a hurry; fall in love in a hurry; marry in a hurry; make fortunes in a hurry; grow old in a hurry; die in a hurry; are buried in a hurry; and, too often, forgotten in a hurry. This unnatural living brings us into conflict with nature. Mother Nature makes haste slowly to do her greatest work. The days lengthen by minutes, not by hours, from winter to summer solstice. The seed takes time to germinate, the stalk to grow, and the ear to mature. Nature never hurries. Does it require a thousand ages to lay a floor of granite, or dry up the ocean? She takes her time. But her impatient, fretful children refuse to listen to her voice, and place themselves in a semi-volitional conflict with the forces of life.

Another class are fighting voluntary battles. They make for themselves a bed of thorns. They walk into a boiling, seething caldron of sin, well knowing their fate. How many tonight are voluntarily nursing a serpent to sting their own bosoms!

Nor can we omit to notice here and now the terrific battles we fight to obtain the means to live. Look where we will, pampered wealth and squalid poverty sleep side by side. Especially in our great cities do we see the two extremes. One class are crouching slaves to the god of Gold. They have worn its cankering chains until they have eaten away manhood and womanhood. Often have I seen the millionaire groaning in a prison of his own creation, a slave to his avaricious spirit. On the other hand, we can see the unhappy victims of poverty. There is an uncounted army marching forward to battle for bread. All day, all night, we can hear the tramp of their feet. They are of both sexes, and of all

ages. Some of them are children, whose shoeless feet and dwarfed limbs have felt, from life's first breath, the piercing blast of poverty. Some are poor factory girls, whose wan faces and white lips tell how merciless the war. Some are old men, who have seen better days. Some are widows, who break ranks to drop hot tears under a willow or cypress, or by a block of marble. Many of them are strong men, who go out to tunnel mountains, or fill up valleys. They are fighting for a little reserve corps behind them, with lily hands and dimpled cheeks, and who stand in the door at nightfall to welcome the brown, hard hands and tired feet of that brave soldier who is never off duty save on the ever-welcome Sunday, when their little hands caress him, and their sweet lips kiss away his week of toil. But poverty brings with it no mid-winter so cold as the one which overtakes those who have seen better days.

If, however, our conflicts in life ended with our struggles with nature, or battles with poverty, we might be quite content. But man is more than physical. His wants are more complicated, because his nature reaches higher and farther. We have a moral nature, where the same bitter antagonisms are felt. This moral world is the exclusive empire of humanity. We here rise to the height where the soul says: "I ought, and I must." Here we struggle with the ever-recurring questions of right and wrong. Wherever we find man, a moral obligation rests upon him. He feels there are some things he is obliged to do, and others he should refrain from doing. Conscience tells us there is right and wrong, but we are obliged to trust to the reason we educate in our schools to show us where right and wrong may be

found. How terrific the moral battles on every side! How difficult, oftentimes, to tell where virtue ceases and vice begins! In the night of doubt and trial, how dim, at times, the star of duty! Yet those who follow that star over highland and lowland, regardless of the fire-flies of pleasure, are heroes, and God shall emblazon their names in light.

Moreover, we are social beings, born into this world with loves we cannot suppress, and attachments as strong as life itself. Love is the mainspring of human life. Love is a magician, who changes the face of the world by the touch of his wand. Love holds the wildest heart a captive, as Orpheus held the guards at the gates of Tartarus. Yet the severest conflicts of our lives often grow out of the love we feel for others. Broken fortunes try us, but broken hearts crush us. To see those we have trusted go down the dark path of sin, or a happy hearth made desolate by the hand of sickness and death, or to know that dear associations are broken forever, are among the bitterest experiences we meet on this little journey from the cradle to the grave.

Moreover, we are born into the world with the great problem of the universe before us. We cannot escape the thought of God. A universe so vast must have had an origin. It cannot be otherwise. Hence the thought of God is ever before us. But when we try to account for the anomalies of nature, a thousand questions arise in the mind, and vainly ask for a response. We may ask in vain, as I said at the beginning: "Why was this universe created as it is? Why is human life in peril from birth to death? Why should earthquakes rend

earth's granite floor, and volcanoes spit fire and smoke in the face of the stars? Why do cyclones and storms travel like devouring angels? Why does death everywhere hold high carnival with life? Why the wild torrents of tears, pouring their terrific flood down the deep, dark canyon of the ages?" While we may not be able to answer these questions, one fact deeply impresses us: all the conflicts of life center at last in intellectual conflict. It is the mind that sees, thinks, hopes, and feels. Hence the great work of life is intellectual work. To discipline the mind to discern and meet life's duties and dangers, as well as apprehend and discover the facts and truths of nature, should be the prime object of all schools, colleges, and institutions of learning.

It was a significant day for this world when man, as a thinker, was born into it. The physical conflicts of life clearly reveal to the thinking mind that the birth of man meant the conquest of nature. It was a decree that lightnings should be trained, tornadoes defeated, and earthquakes frowned into silence. It was a command that oceans should be traversed, ragged mountains and dark canyons explored, and the elements subdued. To the casual observer, God has poorly prepared man for a work like this. He had peopled the world with beasts a hundred times more powerful, with birds that could rise up to the clouds, and fishes to explore the gloomy caverns of the sea. He had armed beasts with tooth and claw, and reptiles with poisonous tongues. But he gave to man one weapon neither bird nor beast could use. He gave him a mind to think, and his thought has started on the royal road to conquest. Thought is conquering the world. Man was placed in

a world three-fourths of which is water. Beasts had looked on the oceans, lakes, and rivers as impassable, but thinking man, sitting by the Nile, Afton, or Jumna, or perhaps by the shores of the Mediterranean, lighted by the glare of a volcano, discovers the relation of wind and wave, and learns to set a sail to catch the breeze. Beasts could see the power of heat in the expansion of water as easily as man, but it was left to man's thought to develop and harness this power. I never think of the countless lathes, wheels, spindles that steam drives, of the smoke of our great factories, and the mighty power of printing-presses, but I feel to rejoice in the conquest of man and the subjugation of nature. It has not been done in a day, or by one age. But who can look at the steamships of today, riding the ocean as proudly as the eagle rises toward the sky, at our flying trains, bearing their precious human freight over rivers, mountains, and through valleys, bidding defiance to bird and beast and swift-winged tempest, without grateful emotions.

It took the children of Israel forty years to journey from Egypt to Canaan, but our modern Scott or Vanderbilt would have run them through in a night, and served them coffee for breakfast made from the sacred waters of the Jordan. Man was born with no better ears than the beasts, but his thoughts soon mastered distance greater than all animal life. In his stone age he learned to communicate at great distances by signals and beacon-fires, and at last, by his thought, he has perfected the telegraph. The telegraph is a conquest of thought over nature.

Man has no better eyes than the beasts, but by the

power of his thought he has made the telescope to extend his vision. How the telescope of Galileo changed man's vision of a world ! Now he could see the moon's uneven surface, and measure her mountains by their shadows. The body-guard of the lordly Jupiter was made visible, and the rings of frowning Saturn brought to view. I never think of the old Galileo but my blood tingles to my fingers' ends. It burns with indignation that pious monks should persecute a thinker who won so grand a victory over nature.

Thought is conquering the world. Let us not be discouraged in our conflict with nature. We have already tamed the lightning and subdued the ocean. Man is civilizing his world. The work, however, is only half complete. During long ages he was nature's servant and slave ; but he is now becoming her lord and king. The crude canoe of primitive man has been transformed into the ocean steamer which sports with wind and storm. The cave-shelter and dug-out are changed into peaceful cottages nestling amid trees and flowers. Could a man of the stone age look now at our great cities, beautiful gardens, unnumbered factories, and flying trains, it would be a vision of a new world. But our victories are only half won. Our ships and railways are no more perfect than the engine of Watts compared with ours of today. Better steamships are as sure to follow those we now have as the day to succeed the night. Indeed, a day will come when steam will be superceded. What the electric light is now doing for our cities the electric machine will yet do for commerce. I am almost sanguine the thinker is today born who will make steam an antique invention. Telegraphs and telephones are

not the last efforts of man to conquer space. In one of those golden tomorrows, fast pressing forward with ruddy sun, singing birds, and fragrant flowers to greet mankind, the mental telegraph may dictate the revolution of countless wheels and spindles, and bear, like faithful carrier-doves, the sighs of parted lovers in a twinkling. The Rochester, Harvard, and Washington telescopes will be as insignificant to the coming man as the Mound-builders' tube is today to the astronomer.

We have said the true function of our institution of learning is to discipline the mind to think; but education must in no sense fetter thought. Our education should be a servant, and not our master, in the conflicts of life. It is a glorious thing to begin life's great contest with the learning of the schools. None can feel more keenly the want of it than he who now addresses you; but it sometimes costs more to unlearn than to learn.

Great minds that have lighted the world with their splendor have generally been obliged to reject much of their early education, or, at best, go far beyond it. When Columbus was educated at Genoa, the institutions of Europe taught that to the west all was a watery waste, or, at least, only a few bleak islands lifted their desolate heads in mid-ocean. His active mind rejected the teachings of the schools, and at last he launches out on the wild ocean, and aids in the discovery of a continent God had reserved for the best republic on earth. Had Europeans been satisfied with the geography of the schools, our loved country might be the abode of savage man, and our Declaration of Independence (God's best political revelation to mankind) never have issued from the flaming Sinai of old Independence Hall.

Had Copernicus and Galileo been content with the teaching of the Alexandrian schools, we might still maintain and teach that our earth is the center of the solar system rather than the sun. The rapid progress of science is due to independent thought rather than the teaching of the schools. Hence, while the college disciplines the mind to habits of thought, it should neither indicate its direction nor limit its power. But few have influenced the philosophical thought of their age more sensibly than Descartes, of the seventeenth century. Physically frail, he was committed at an early age to the Jesuits for an education, but his first work when he became a man was to break away from all previous learning, and mingle with the world. Bacon had already startled Europe with his experimental method of philosophy; but when this thinker inquired into his system, he found himself on the edge of a ragged precipice in whose shadowy depths dark annihilation creeps, and cold oblivion broods. He pushed his skepticism to the verge of despair. But in the silence of his night of doubt a higher thought was born. He found beneath the miasm of external doubt and conflict a granite rock against which the cold waves of skeptical philosophy might beat forever. He closed his eyes to the fleeting phantasm of all external things, and, turning his vision inward, found the bed-rock of philosophical and spiritual truth. In this inner sanctum, where the storms of the world could not beat, and the "din and jar" of mortal strife are not heard, a voice said: "I think, therefore I am." What a revelation! Let suns and stars pale, dim and die away in the blue heavens. Let worlds grow cold and vanish in hollow chaos. Let grim

and skeleton death wave his keen-edged sickle over the green fields of life. "*I think, therefore I am.*" I have sometimes fancied I could see him in his solitude in Holland writing out his meditations. Timid minds, who tread only the beaten path of the fathers, would say that man was alone. But never had mortal better company. He had at last discovered the secret of the world. *He had found himself.* No wonder Christina forgot her royal robes and wept a woman's tears for Descartes. It is seldom God sends great thinkers to this planet, and, when they leave it, loving hearts may well weep tears. Let us also bear in mind that science, at best, is in its infancy. In astronomy new discoveries are as sure to be made as man continues to think. Our best telescopes only give a partial view of the starry worlds beyond us. If we could climb to the brow of Jupiter, or plant an instrument on the face of Venus, and look afar out in space, we might change all our theories of the solar system. As man is destined to conquer nature, so each special science is to be enlarged and perfected as the years roll on. It is not impossible that man's active thought may yet develop an instrument whereby we can look on the planets of our solar system and see the maiden and her lover, or scan the face of wrinkled age looking with dimming eyes at the fitful shadows gathering on the brow of twilight.

Our knowledge of the earth's history is no doubt yet imperfect. We have only gathered a few facts. We have been trying to read the life-record of this grand old planet,—trying to trace on its rock-leaves the story of its birth, childhood, and the mighty changes it has undergone,—trying to look into its heart of fire, at its

crust of granite, and on its snow-capped mountains. Yet we have only gathered a few facts. The hoary rocks which lie in wild grandeur all about us tell of convulsions that in some remote age have rent its breast. The tropical fossils under its mountains of ice and snow tell of wonderful changes in its climate; the sea-soundings of its oceans tell of continents and islands once peopled with life, now slumbering in a grave over which the mad sea waves chant a death-dirge. The fossils of poor savage men, found in earth's cave-temples, whose altars are built of the bones of man and beast, tell the merciless stories of life's awful warfare. How little we know of the earth's history! How many fossils are hid away that man's poor eyes may never see, or hand touch! Future research may change our views of the external world. We may find that what we call matter is but another name for soul, and the line which has divided matter from spirit an illusion of the eye rather than a reality in nature. No learning is complete. The absolute is always before us. Let us content ourselves, however, with this thought: that thinking man is fast conquering the world. How little we know of man's past! History is a prattling child, pointing with lily fingers to wrinkled age. History is yesterday trying to reveal an eternity of yesterdays beyond it. And what is tradition? It is the half-remembered dream of yesternight trying to interpret the unremembered dreams of an eternity of nights before it.

What is man's historical age? Simply nothing to the antiquarian who looks beyond it. History finds man everywhere a civilized being, with uncounted centuries of progress and development behind him. Tradition

only goes a step beyond history. Man's legendary age is crowded with full-grown heroes and gods; but whence the children and their mothers, from whom the heroes and their ancestors came? How little we know of the genesis of the human soul! Behind the cradle, where lie in sweetest sleep baby's plump fingers and dimpled cheeks, an unseen hand has written the ever-impressive word — UNKNOWN. No matter how great our knowledge, we are only coasting on the shore of a boundless sea. But just in proportion as knowledge advances, just in that proportion does man become a king over nature, and the sovereign of the world.

It took, from careful estimate, fifty thousand acres of land to support one savage living by the chase. Hence a State as large as Ohio would only support about five hundred men. If a State which, in its primitive condition, uncivilized by man, could support but five hundred now maintains near three millions, with bread to spare, what will be the condition of the earth when the semi-savage of today shall have given place to the men and women of a hundred or a thousand years to come? The savage picked his flint in an impenetrable forest to warm his shivering limbs and roast his game. We deal in lucifer matches and coal-oil, but the man of tomorrow will warm his baby's feet by an electric light, or a nest of stolen sunbeams. Grand, indeed, is our vision of the future man and his earth. Under the magic power of his thought I see the miasm driven from swamp and valley, and craters of extinct volcanoes transformed into flower gardens. Humboldt climbed up the Chimborazo until blood burst from his eyes and gums, but the man of tomorrow will walk coolly to its

summit, and plant a vineyard there. The recruiting office, where soldiers are enlisted to conquer the world, is the school-house. The chime of the school-bell, when properly rung, hymns the victory of man, and the subjugation of nature.

It is one thing, however, to conquer the world, or external nature, and quite another to master ourselves. The dying passions of the wild beast still linger in the heart of humanity. If we look at man on his animal side, there is little to encourage us for his future. War's blood-red rainbow still hovers over the pageantry of empire. The pillow on which nations rest is yet guarded by bristling bayonets. Jails and prisons overflow under the shadow of the church and school. The coarse ribaldry of the saloon mingles with the cadence of the Sabbath hymn. Lust hovers — an ill-omened night bird — over the palaces of wealth. But this is man's animal side. As there are dormant muscles in our bodies, of no service to us, but indispensable to our herbivorous ancestry, so in the soul's citadel linger passions and impulses we must master and subdue. The noblest victory in life's bitter conflicts is to conquer the animal and enlarge and intensify the spiritual within us. Learning is never so useful as when it aids us to conquer moral foes. To master one great vice or sin is more to him or her who accomplishes it than it would be to tear down a mountain or cork up a volcano. To do this is not the accident of an hour, or the work of a day. It is the conflict of a lifetime, and a victory for eternity.

“Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And climb to the summit round by round.”

It is natural for the young man and woman, standing on the luminous heights of youth, to map out the country they shall explore, the fields they shall conquer, and the laurels they shall win in future life. But life is not altogether in our keeping. Behind all our hopes and illusive dreams a master hand leads us.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, two young men were walking, side by side, from Mansfield to Erfort, in Saxony. Probably they chatted of college life, of victories almost won, and honors so soon to crown their toils. The one saw just before him the bar on which ambitious young men climb to judge's bench, and the society of lords and kings. The other may have been looking to a professorship, or fame in literature, where poets have courted the muse, and historians grown pale and gray amid the wreck of falling empires. It is young Luther and Alexis. The hot blood tingles in their veins as they press over the highway under the glare of a summer's sun. On the far sky an angry cloud is rising to meet them. They heed not the muttering thunder or lightning on its distant brow. Soon, borne on the swift feet of the wind, the cloud envelops them. The forked lightning darts to earth like an arrow-flame shot from the quiver of a fiend. The dazed Luther rubs his eyes, and, amid deafening thunder peals, sees Alexis is dead. As a stream striking a rock sometimes turns into a field far from the path before it, so Luther forgot law, honors, fame, and thought only of the mysterious power which holds this world in the iron arms of fate, and everywhere permits death to cajole with life. He entered a monastery, and kindled in his subsequent life a flame of which he had not dreamed

in his early youth, and that finally lighted all Europe by its blaze. The unbroken evidence of age is that youth's plans and hopes are generally illusive. We sometimes build wiser than we know, and fight battles the echo of whose artillery rolls down the distant ages. Moreover, just in so far as we make the victories of life selfish and personal, just in so far shall we lose them. We must each bear arms for another. We win life's battles in closed ranks, not by broken columns. Moreover, the brave soldier fights cheerfully. It may be yours to wrestle with poverty, or carry through life the hard, brown hand of toil. If so, do it cheerfully. Burdens are lighter if we laugh and sing while we bear them. Your home may be but a humble cottage, yet, if love is there, it is better than the palace of a king without it. I have seen palaces of wealth filled with frightful ghosts and horrid skeletons, and I have stood by the unpretending cottage of the poor and felt myself at the door of heaven. Gold is not wealth. Love is the only riches. I'd rather have the love of one true heart than all the gems of Golconda, or diamonds of earth. The poor man who can take his barefooted children on his knees, feel their plump arms around his neck, and bask in their sunny smiles, knowing that when he has gone they will keep his heroic life in memory, and wet his grave with tears, is richer than Cræsus.

CLOSED RANKS! We must fight together. They who defend their fellow-soldiers on life's great battle-field build for themselves a fortress no enemy can reduce. Brave hearts, young soldiers! Press on; toil on; hope on. Victory is not won in a day. It is a battle for life, with eternity for the jubilee.

"Little by little the time goes by;
Short, if you sing through it; long, if you sigh.
Little by little, an hour and a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the race is run;
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.

"Little by little the sky grows clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt.
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

"Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way;
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

"Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer His pleading call."

TO THE CLASS.

You have now completed your course of study, and will soon receive the honors of our institution, and the blessing of your teachers and friends.

After years of intellectual struggle, you have reached the goal of your ambition, and I congratulate you upon this happy termination of your toils. Yours has been a most heroic contest. While many who started with you for the same glittering prize have dropped off by

the wayside, you have pressed on, often with tired feet, to the end of your journey. Moreover, you have done your work cheerfully. We have all felt the sunshine of your happy spirits in your daily journey to the school-room. You have demonstrated that girls count for more than ciphers under the fostering care of our free institutions. In your success we all rejoice. Let me, however, assure you that while you have won a signal victory, the great battles of life are nearly all before you. It will be pleasant to receive the honors of this institution, but a social conflict will come with them. As the young bird is pushed from the mother's nest to use its untried wings in flight, so you will go from the hospitable walls of the school-room, and the fostering care of your teachers and classmates, to meet the issues of life alone. How much there is of loneliness in human life! Alone we cross its mysterious threshold. Alone we weep its hottest tears. Alone we bury its fondest hopes and loves, and at last, alone, we must walk down into the thick folds of the night of death. No doubt the shadow of coming loneliness has already touched you. The old school-house has never been so dear to you as it will be when you leave its walls forever. Never have the kindness and companionship of teachers been so keenly felt as it will be when you are deprived of it. Nor can you forget each other. Visions of this presence will touch you in life's last dreams, and weave a rainbow of beauty on the brow of its twilight. Nor will you forget this parting word from him who now addresses you. It will linger in your memory when the sighing breath of death shall have hushed his voice forever. I have said the real battles of life are before

you, and you must fight them alone. Could I lift from your tender, trusting hearts one burden, or spare you a single blow, how gladly would I do it! But you cannot now look to others for counsel. You must think and act for yourselves. I trust you have disciplined the mind to think during your school course, and that you have also gained moral strength for the conflicts before you. It is one thing to be a graduate, and quite another to reach the goal of true womanhood. To be full-orbed women—faithful in love, strong in moral courage, independent in thought, tender and heroic in action—is the greatest prize you can covet. Queens receive the crown of empires by the accident of birth and death; but girls become great and noble women by mental and moral struggle and conflict. It is grander to be a true woman than to wear the gaudy purple woven in poverty's wretched loom, or bear upon the head a cankering crown. There are no more honorable names on earth than manhood and womanhood.

You cannot reach this high ideal by intellectual strength alone. Learning is always desirable, but it is far more important to be good. It has not been given me to cast the horoscope of your future. Many avenues are now open to women that in the olden time were closed. The school-room, the artist's studio, the rostrum, the pulpit, indeed all the professions and branches of commerce now invite you. But if it should be yours to enter the field of domestic toil and duty, remember it is a greater work to garnish with deft fingers a happy home than to win the laurels of fame. Nor can you reach this high ideal without religious emotions. There is a sweet faith which rises above all sects and creeds,

and lights as with an angel's presence the darkness of human life. It is faith in God which finds its highest expression in love and good will to all mankind. You cannot escape the thought of God in your future struggles and toils. As a thousand streams at last center in the sea, so all our thoughts lead out into the infinite. Behind the fleeting panorama of the outward world we feel the invisible presence. All earthly titles, honors, and success are momentary, and this life, no matter how full of promise, is like the fire-flies' dance, which flashes for a moment. It is only a short step, at best, from rosy youth to the open grave.

Trusting that you will fill the measure of your lives to overflowing with kindly thoughts and deeds, I humbly invoke for you God's blessing, and extend to you the congratulations of your schoolmates and friends.

LECTURE II.

THE POWER AND PERMANENCY OF IDEAS.

Delivered at Paw-Paw, Mich.

THE human mind is never dormant. Like the ever-restless sea, it is always in motion. As wave after wave chases each other in quick succession over ocean's breast, so do our thoughts follow each other over the mysterious sea of consciousness. We stand on the threshold of Nature's universal temple, and watch with eager gaze the solemn pageantry that passes before us. Wonderful, indeed, are the ever-shifting scenes in this mighty panorama. They never fail to divert the eye, or interest the ear, from our first sight and our first sound down to those grim and noiseless shades where sight dims, and sound dies away into peaceful silence. Human life is a prayer, wrought out in throbbing pulses, or carved in uncontrollable desires and aspirations. The one thing chains cannot bind, dungeons cannot hold, and inquisitions cannot destroy, is human thought. Thought is more combustible than gunpowder, more powerful than earthquakes, more terrible than the smoke

and cinders of volcanoes. IDEAS are the powerful factors which hold all things in abeyance. They move through this world as giants walk among pigmies,—the self-conscious peers of creation. There are certain basic ideas which always have, and always will, traverse the sea of human experience and history. Such fundamental ideas are above all local names and habitations. They are the kings, and not the subjects, of the world. They stretch backward through all time, and reach forward through all eternity. We ride upon the bosom of these waves, but we can neither increase their velocity or retard their march. Our local creeds and names are only the white sea-froth thrown up by the ever-purging waves of universal ideas. The highest function of the human mind is to interpret these currents of universal life, and move with them. To resist them is to beat against the changeless tide of destiny. Moreover, we live in an age when thought is both *intensified* and *diversified*. We shall search the period of man's written history in vain to find an age so full of universal thought.

Plato and Homer represent a period of marked culture, but they also rise like prodigies above their time and contemporaneous history. The distinguishing feature of our age is the average citizen THINKS! The pen is the critic of the pulpit. The auditorium dictates the stage. The people say when the secular or religious act shall begin, and just what shall be the temper of the play. This is especially true in our country. Under the light of the past quarter of a century religious domination and intolerance have almost subsided. We witness this intensity of thought in the general interest manifested in all the practical affairs of life. This age

is not purely special in its thought. It is especially general and universal. We see here a large class devoting all the energy of their great brains to the production of labor-saving machinery. Wonderful has been our progress in the past twenty-five or fifty years in this direction. We traverse the continent now in palace-cars,—eating, sleeping, and dreaming as we fly with the speed of a tornado from State to State. We gather our harvests with reaping-machines which throw their busy shuttles with tireless fingers around the golden grain. We are also learning to guard against nature. We have tracked out the trackless path of the winds. We have discovered the young hurricane in the unseen womb of the atmosphere, and warned man and beast of its coming.

Science in this age has attacked fate, and torn from her cold and stony breast many a worthless fable. The thought of our time is Argus-eyed. It looks down to the earth. It looks up among the stars. It compasses the sea and the land. Hence physical science is making rapid strides in every direction. Each science, also, has its special advocates, who go forth to evangelize the world! Geology is commanding ready pens and eloquent tongues. Astronomy holds its enchanted devotees on the blue breast of night, while the uncounted stars pour the light of the infinite love into their telescopes! Its elder sister, Astrology, so old she wears a pre-historic veil, is again summoned from the mystic shades of centuries. The chemist grows pale in his laboratory watching the rapid transformation of this wonderful thing we call matter, while it appears and disappears before his eyes, like some tormenting ghost,

which refuses to give either its origin, mission, or destiny. Botanists are walking among the flowers and grasses, and the whole physical world is explored. Earth's caves and mountains, the ocean's bed, and the stars in their tireless flight, are all watched and eagerly questioned, and each, in turn, are answering man's inquiry.

The highest thought, however, of this or any age is the thought of man himself. It is the most diversified thought. Here, also, our thought is signally manifest. You may measure a world, you may girdle an ocean, you may track the wild flight of a comet, or you may swing in the fiery chariot of a sun; you cannot, however, follow the endless path of man's possibilities, nor can you solve the wonderful mysteries which envelop him.

Man is forever trying to interpret the mystery of *the* world, while he himself is the unsolved riddle *in* the world. I confess to you that I am vastly more interested in MAN than I am in this wonderful planet on which he dwells. I am more deeply interested in him than I am in the government under which he lives. I have more curiosity in man than I have in the creed he avows. I have a deeper and stronger love for him than I have for the gods he worships. It seems to me it is a small thing to be anything less than a human being. It also occurs to me it is a very grave thing to be endowed with a consciousness which not only judges the world but also sits in solemn judgment upon itself. The fields and highways over which we travel are only dust, the houses we build are only momentary toys, the empires we establish and the governments we set up

are only bubbles on the sea of history. They are all the dust human souls leave behind them in the great march of destiny.

Now, may I ask you, what are the potent factors in man's life? What are the great agencies and energies which move him from age to age? Are they not the great thoughts which possess him and stir him to action? Are they not, after all, ideas? Great, powerful, and fundamental ideas which he cannot resist! All the objects we create or form are simply the visible expression of a thought. Our thoughts take external form, as in a house, a painting, or a statue; then we carry them out, or project them in the world of matter. The Apollo, yonder, cold and mute as stone, and yet so full of speech, is only the transitory shadow of the thought of the poor artist who carved out the statue. Here we find the invisible force in the world. The sweetest music, the most gorgeous landscapes, the fairest temples, and the most beautiful Madonnas, all slumber here! Now, if we look over the long line of human history, and view man under all his conditions, whether savage or civilized, we shall find certain basic ideas have moved him from age to age. Such ideas may be called universal, as they obtain in all his history, and they are local only in the sense of the particular garb they wear. Still further, if there is any distinction to be made between secular and religious ideas, these fundamental ideas have been intensely religious. We have no evidence the first man, or primitive man, sought to make a constitution or build a government. We have much evidence that he had a perception of divine power, and that in his first and earliest estate he dreamed of a

future life. Still further, he had a perception of duty. The consciousness of duty is older than the civilizations of the world. He learned to pray, or invoke the aid of his God, before he learned the multiplication-table. In the order of man's perception, prayer is older than mathematics. I will not stop to inquire which takes precedence in the divine arrangement.

The universality and permanence of these ideas demonstrate that they do not belong to any age or nation; nor do they belong to any man. They are, however, the common property of all men. They are like the king's high seas under the common law of England,—always inviting the commerce and pleasure of the subjects of the realm. It is my conviction that man gains his first and deepest truths by intuition; his secondary and local knowledge by reason. He partakes of these necessary and universal ideas as they ebb and flow through him, and they are just as natural to his consciousness as the air is to his lungs or the light to his eyes. The deepest, broadest, and grandest ideas are not given by the ordinary channels. We cannot reason them out, or demonstrate their existence in syllogisms. We feel them by a higher sense of touch, wherein the soul shakes hands with the unseen and eternal. We talk much about demonstrating the existence of facts by reason, whereas reason does not demonstrate the existence of anything. It cannot demonstrate a simple scientific fact. Reason is a method of thought, and not the substance of thought. We say this fact being true, and that fact being true, a third fact must be true; yet this third fact which reason surmises must be felt by the same soul-power which feels the first two facts

before it is a demonstration, and this demonstration it can, and often does, feel just as fully without a syllogism as with it.

I meet men and women almost every day who feel they are exercising the highest prerogative of an American citizen by declaring: "We will not believe anything reason does not teach"; yet these same men and women do believe many things reason does not teach. Reason cannot map the hemisphere of the infinite and eternal, yet they believe in the infinite and eternal. Reason never trod the endless path of human destiny, yet they believe it endless. The orbit of reason is wholly under limitations and environments, yet the soul intuitively feels beyond these walls, just as a traveler scents the cooling shades of an oasis beyond the hot sands he presses with his tired feet. Intuition takes possession of vast dominions, unseen islands, and continents. Reason builds forts and break-waters to hold and perpetuate them. Intuition is a proud bird rising up to the eternal stars. Reason is a dry and leafless limb on which the bird rests in its heavenward journey. Intuition is a lord. Reason is a serf. Intuition sways, moves, and guides human souls. Reason is a commodity we sometimes loan for gain. The truths and ideas intuition feels are universal. The garb reason gives them is ethnical, local, and changeable.

Let us now notice the power and permanency of three fundamental or basic ideas. Take the recognition of a God, or divine power. See how it has decked the earth with altars! Their ruins cover the valley of the Indus, the Nile, the Euphrates, the borders of the turbulent Jordan, all around the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea,

—wherever human feet have trod,—there have been altars, prayers, and praise. How this great idea has deified almost every animal! How it has brooded, like the deathless fires of a vestal virgin, over the cradle and the graves of dynasties and empires! We are not now considering who or what God is. We are not offering arguments of his existence only incidentally. It is of no moment in this discourse what his nature or character may be. He may be personal or impersonal. He may be the eternal waves of light, life, and love, which roll forever on a shoreless sea. He may be a mere man wearing on his human personality the features of a savage, a Hindoo, or a Jew.

It is of no importance in this argument through what oracle he may speak. His may be the voice of universal nature, as it speaks to us in the wild roar of the waves, and the sweet whispers of wooing love; in the hoarse rattle of the dying, and the glad songs of exuberant birds; in the bitter blasts of the devastating tempest, and in the winsome laugh of happy childhood, or in the ten thousand mingled and mingling sounds which make up the voice of nature. The idea of a God has been one of the most powerful factors in human life. It has survived the wreck of empires and career of races. Moreover, it will live when they shall have gone down into the tongueless silence of oblivion.

Look at the idea of a future life. How it breaks like a golden sun over the dark horizon of history. The barbarian has felt its power, and bowed before it. Go, if you will, to the jungles of Africa, on the arid wastes of her sandy deserts, in the gloomy forests where man's only palace is a rough bamboo hut; where his only

bible is the desolate earth on which he treads, and the pitying stars that weep over his ignorance; where the carnivorous passions of the animal are stamped, like the mark of Cain, on his bestial countenance; where the laugh of his joy is in tune with the wild roar of the beasts who crunch his bones for pastime, and even there the light of a future life comes over his savage existence like the sweet face of the moon breaking among angry clouds. Wilson says, after twenty years' experience: "A native African would as soon doubt the present as his future state of being." They bury with their dead clothing, food, and ornaments for the revisiting spirits. They were never cursed with a hell or heaven until the Mohammedans and Christians influenced the simple faith of the natives. The inhabitants of New Zealand, the Feejee Islands, and Kamtchatka, all have this simple native intuition of another life. This is also true of the Esquimaux, the Peruvians, the South Sea Islanders, the Mexicans, and the native Americans, or Indians. The Indian has drawn over his land of the dead a poetic imagery which, in comparison with the average Orthodox heaven or hell, has preference with all thinking minds. This great idea has swept the cycle of the centuries. It has stilled the turbulent billows of bereavement, and made weak and fainting spirits strong to bear the wounds of death's barbed arrow. It has given courage to the martyr, and nerved him to endure the rack, the gibbet, and the cross. What power could be more powerful than this? What idea more permanent and universal? Knowledge and civilization have helped to enlarge our views of the next life, just as these same factors have helped to

enlarge our idea of a God; yet the ideas themselves, with all the local coloring given them, have always been a part of the permanent wealth of humanity.

I may also allude to a third idea as a powerful factor in the world, viz., the idea of duty. That is a recognition by man of a law of obligation over him. That above the mere selfish requirements of his nature there are deeds to be performed and principles to be vindicated which rise above the mere selfish plane. That ethics, moral philosophy, and the religious duties of mankind, rest on a fundamental verity,—on a great idea, always felt and yet diversely expressed by man. It involves the feeling he has of right and of wrong, out of which he builds standards of right and wrong, which standards, like our heavens, hells, and gods, change with time, soil, climate, education, and the ever-changing circumstances of life. This idea of duty is older than the world's bibles, and it will live when all bibles shall have perished. I have yet to find a savage race who did not recognize the law of duty in some form. They all care for the helpless; they all, in some way, manifest a sense of obligation to do and care for others. Living for others is one of the essential elements of life; one of its grandest features. We do not care much about the peculiarities of a man's God; we are not much interested in his heaven or hell; but his disinterested philanthropy does make our heart beat lighter, and our thoughts of him tenderer. We love to think of those who have toiled and suffered for others. The story of Socrates, walking the streets of ancient Athens to preach morals to the young, touches our hearts. The dying agonies of the man of Nazareth call

forth our tears. Man never looks so grandly heroic to his fellow-man as when he has arisen a victor in the awful struggle of self-conquest.

I remember to have once read of a fabulous bird which had a premonition of its death. It thereupon filled its nest with the most delicate spices, then igniting them, it rose amid the flames, resuscitated and rejuvenated for a thousand years! What a grand thing to fill the little measure of our lives with the sweet spices of self-sacrificing deeds, and then rise on their incense to our grander life hereafter!

There is another thought: these intuitive ideas are positive. They hold and sway mankind. The world will never be satisfied with their negative. You may take a man or woman anywhere or everywhere, but you cannot wean the human soul from these basic ideas. They belong to the permanent wealth of mankind. They are fixtures which the rapidly-passing generations of tenants cannot remove. He who lays sacrilegious hands upon them is tried and condemned by the public conscience. Atheism and materialism are only a reaction from the fanaticism and follies of theism and Spiritualism. The only permanency either has is its constant recurrence in history as a check to the follies of those who, by nature, worship and believe. Atheism never built an enduring monument, and it never will. When it points its bloodless fingers at the wars of believers, it wears under its mask the same human nature in which the seeds of intolerance germinate. It pours hot invective on the war of the crusades, yet laughs in the red glare of the French Revolution. What is materialism? It is but a shadow the tomb-

stone of our dead casts when bathed in the sunlight of immortality. What is materialism? It is the world's spiritual winter; it is a season wherein nothing grows, the trees are all leafless, the earth is covered with a mantle of snow and ice, the streams are all paralyzed,—not a flower sheds its sweet fragrance. The sun is visible in mid-heaven, but he gives no heat; the cold moon reflects her dim and waning beams on a mountain of icebergs; the birds refuse to sing; the only music we can hear is the pitiless moan of the bleak winds through the leafless trees. And this, to me, sounds very much like the sweet, but sad, refrain of Mr. Ingersoll when he pays his peroration of impassioned eloquence over the tenantless grave of annihilation.

Equally positive and permanent is the sense of duty. It is the genius and spirit of the heroic in all history. There is little of life when its crosses are all broken and destroyed,—when we have forgotten pity; when our tears are all dried; when all sense of self-denial and self-sacrifice are gone.

If you want to make a man or woman miserable, give them all they desire. If you want to damn mankind, just fill the cup of pleasure to the brim, and force them to drink it. What sophistry to tell mankind: "One world at a time," and bid them enjoy it. The human soul will not be satisfied with the idea of one world any more than it will with one coat or dress. We cannot enjoy the present only as we look to the future. It is the logic of materialism to enjoy this life in sweet contentment and pleasure. It is consistent in its desire to know no past and no future; yet memory will look backward, and hope will reach forward. Atheism and

materialism should have had the blind and brainless force which it would have us believe rules the circling worlds. It should have had this force when, by a chance stroke from its thoughtless and unconscious wand, it lit intelligent life, as an Indian strikes fire with his flint; it should have made man without memory and without hope. Perhaps, when it grinds the wheel again, it may chance to make a race wherein pleasure will destroy all love for more. Then the world may be able to live and love a purely sensual philosophy. Then man may lose the sense of *duty* which bids him sacrifice a pleasure today for a higher good tomorrow. While this sense of duty is permanent, a sensual philosophy cannot become universal.

What shall be the world's religion in the future? Where are we tending, and under what flag shall we sail? These are very grave questions to answer. It has not been given me to behold the world's religious and philosophical revolutions in the great future. I know full well the future carries in her veiled bosom secrets I may not divine, revolutions and evolutions I may not see. This much I do know: until the constitution of the human mind is changed, the religion of the future will find God, immortality, and duty a sacred trinity at whose shrine it will bow. It is also plain to me that, in breaking away from the old moorings, we have done it by virtue of a new birth, just as a child breaks away from its toys, impelled by a law of growth it cannot resist. Shall we raise a new flag over a new craft, and then stamp on that flag an old name? This seems to be the idea of some; but, we must remember, names are local. If an old name is in order, why not

stamp the oldest? If a new name seems best for us who have left the old and sinking hull of Orthodoxy, let us try and get one. Let us coin one for the occasion, one in which the coming philologist will see how tenderly and sacredly we revere all the past, and not that little part of it which comes through the Jews,—one of the weakest of the great races,—and whose colors were borrowed from still older nations. Let us try and get one, too, which shall recognize all the present,—its science, its philosophy, its art, its great culture, its broad philanthropies, and tender charities. When you will give me such a name as this, I will hail it with pleasure; I will love it as the devout Catholic does the charm. I will see in the number and mystical blending of its letters a glorious fate, a divine symbolism. Give me such a name as this, and I will unfurl it to the breeze,—it shall wave over me in sunshine and in storm. Let us not label it “Christian.” We may pass India, China, Ceylon, or Thibet, or we might desire to stop in some Turkish port for fuel and provision, and we do not want those friendly nations to think we are running a *man-of-war*, intent on plunder. If it shall trouble you to find this desired name, I beg leave to suggest that there are three names very dear to my heart, viz., *Man, Woman, and Child!* The first is a tower of strength; it stands like a great light-house, smiling over the waves which break at its feet. The second is the cement which holds the massive tower together,—the unseen genii in every conquest, the prompter behind the stage, without which the lights would go out, and the curtain fall in darkness. The third is a rainbow, which the gods weave over the pledges of our

love. In its prismatic hues we see the deathless flowers that bloom in the world's Eden, while under its radiant archway we stand at the gates of Heaven. These three names combined in one we call *Humanity, or Mankind!* They compose a sacred trinity. They designate the God-announcing miracle of the world. But for the beings we call by this name God would be childless, both heaven and hell tenantless, and this world the empire of wild beasts. This name is broad enough for me. It takes in all the world's creeds, and all the world's bibles. It is an *honorable name*. It is related to all the Avatars and Christs that have been; and it will be linked by royal blood to all the Christs to come. It is the name for all. The poor peasant grinding at the wheel of toil, and the yet poorer king who chafes under the galling fetters of a crown, respond to it. It covers the sweet babe in its cradle, and it falls tenderly as evening's shadow over age as it trembles by a coffin. In this sacred name let us tenderly trust, and for its good in this and all worlds let us toil and pray.

LECTURE III.

THE UNKNOWN.

Delivered at Sturgis, Mich.

MORE than eighteen centuries ago the Apostle Paul is represented to have tarried some three years at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, preaching and practicing his spiritual gifts with wonderful success.

Ephesus was a city of note then; but prior to Paul's day it had seen a still more remarkable history. Here stood the great Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world, supported by more than a hundred columns, placed there by as many kings. So great was the heathen's zeal for this goddess that more than two hundred years had been spent in building the temple. Many times it had been partially, and once wholly, destroyed by fire, but, Phoenix-like, it had arisen as frequently from its own ashes. The city, about Paul's time, had been destroyed by an earthquake, but was soon rebuilt.

Here dwelt a curious people. They had been taught from generation to generation the lower phases of

Spiritualism. Amid much strife and personal danger, Paul had succeeded in deeply impressing them, and founded a church which was to endure for six hundred coming years, and at last yield to the fierce zeal of Islam.

A little time before Paul was to leave this city where he had formed so many attachments, and labored so long, he received a message from Corinth well calculated to bring a shade of sadness over his mind. It brought to him intelligence of dissensions, immoralities, and petty jealousies in a church he had there formed, and left in a very prosperous condition. The news, no doubt, touched him. He probably remembered Corinth as the one spot where the most sacred friendships and attachments of his life had been formed. Here he had worked at his trade as a tent-maker, preached a free gospel, and was made happy by the warm love of Aquila and Priscilla, and the constant friendship of Timothy and Silas. Here he had looked at the proud Parnassus bathed in the first beams of a Grecian sunrise, while his busy hands were weaving tents in the early morning in his little shop. And when he grew tired toward the evening, he may have seen the same sun kiss the far sides of the Helicon, in whose shady groves the early muses delighted to dwell.

Paul had been highly inspired at Corinth. Why should he not be? The best sermons do not come to us in the recluse of the library; they overtake us in the fields, flash in upon the mind while we march and toil, just as they came to Robert Collyer when he beat away on his anvil. Paul also had visions and trances, and many phases of mediumistic power at Corinth. But

now the little church was a boiling, seething caldron of strife. They differed about marriage, and the relations of the sexes. Some were of questionable virtue, and no doubt others pretended to be a great deal more virtuous than they really were. They differed about materialization, or, rather, the resurrection and appearance of the dead. The woman question was also a troublesome one in this remote age, eighteen centuries before Fourier or John Stuart Mill. Some women would persist in wearing their hair uncovered in the assemblies, just as some modern women will persist in wearing frizzes and bangs in spite of the protest of friend and priest.

Moreover, they greatly differed about spiritual gifts. Some of them were made wise by spiritual influence, and probably acted in the capacity of oracles. Others could describe spirits, and others work what they thought to be miracles,—probably give the fire test, or something of a similar nature. Still others could speak in different tongues, or were controlled by ancient spirits; others heal the sick, while some could look along the horoscope of the future, and were gifted with the strange power of prophecy. Each of those ancient mediums felt their gifts were the all-important ones, and hence they should receive the first honors of the church.

They also differed greatly about their preachers. Some favored the daring and intrepid Paul, and claimed they never heard such inspired discourses as he gave them when he left his little shop and preached his free gospel. Others, no doubt, criticised this student of Gamaliel, and preferred Peter, while others thought

Apollos the more gifted and eloquent. They also had a Cephas, whom many admired. We may presume some had clinging to them a remnant of old Judaism, and wanted a great national church that should hold all to the strict letter of the law. Indeed, I apprehend the Christian Church at Corinth, at this time, has only been equalled by some of our modern conventions and camp-meetings.

Paul, after noting in his reply their immoralities, jealousies, and skepticism, and reproving and consoling them as best he could, rose higher than himself. He reached — before he closed his first epistle to the Corinthians — the glory-summit on whose serene high great souls abide. It was the one supreme moment of his life, and in this auspicious moment he found a calcium light which made even the faults of his brethren luminous with virtues. He saw that eloquence is at best a questionable gift; that mediumship, whether inspirational or prophetic, did not make men and women perfect; but that higher than all — forever smiling behind the gloom of storm and cloud — might be seen the sun of charity. Moreover, that charity has its broad foundations in a common weakness,—in the limitation of our knowledge. “For we know in part and prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. . . .”

While we do not believe our knowledge of the universe is confined to the senses, as usually defined, yet it must be conceded our senses do procure for us a very great part of the knowledge we derive of external things. Only a moment's reflection will serve to show us the narrow channel of physical sensation, and hence

our partial and limited knowledge of the physical universe.

A few days since I took up an encyclopædia to learn something of the anatomy of the human ear, and the law of acoustics. As I traced the researches of the anatomist, I said to myself: "How wonderful the knowledge we have acquired of this delicate organ!" Then I undertook to learn something of the sound-waves all about us, which we have inferred roll on forever. I thought of sighing waves and singing flames; of the advancing and retreating sound-waves; of their contact and opposition to each other in the universal orchestra. Then I thought of the recent acquirement of the telephone; of the fact that a man in Sturgis can speak by wire to a man in Chicago. Then, again, of the fact that each human ear has its own limitations, and that when sound rises above or sinks below its power of cognition it is lost, and I said to myself: "How much of the audible universe must be referred to the boundless realm of the unknown!" There may be songs so sweet their faintest echo would entrance us with delight, and yet we not hear them. Moreover, there may be beings, all unknown to us, who can put their ears close to the Infinite Mother's breast and hear the musical beating of the eternal heart.

Let us say that ours is, at best, an imperfect hearing, and that which often sounds to us a "jarring and discordant lyre" may be only some shattered nerve in the strange organ we use to touch the realm of sound.

No less imperfect is our sense of sight. The power to recognize objects depends upon the perfection of the eye. Some have long and others short range of vision.

Waves of light put pictures of objects in the eye, and we thus become conscious of their existence. But the same light from the same objects often produces very different impressions. How limited the seen, and how vast the unseen, all about us ! When we call the aid of the microscope, a diminutive world is revealed which we cannot see with the unassisted eye.

In this world life appears in an almost infinite variety of forms : life everywhere,—in earth, air, and sky ; life in the great deeps of the sea, where no ray of light can fall ; life under the burning sun of the tropics, and in the frozen waters of the Arctic Ocean. To affirm we now know, or that science has revealed to us, all the forms of life in this world would be to declare our present microscopes perfect, and that a perfect eye had looked through them under every possible condition wherein life could appear. This would be an affirmation of lunacy,—the declaration of an imbecile, whose utter want of consistency all serious minds would deplore.

Moreover, let us suppose we can see, by the aid of instruments, all the minute forms of life in this world. This would not prove our knowledge of the diminutive world perfect. Other modes of existence would still be open to inference under conditions our senses could not recognize. Still further : our world is the smallest speck in an infinite universe, and we may safely presume that life, which appears under such diversified conditions in this world, will find still more diversified conditions in other worlds, and thus that the diminutive world is infinite. Hence, its boundaries are unmapped and unknown, and our microscopes are only children's

toys, which reveal but the faintest glimpses of the endless panorama of life.

If we turn from the consideration of life, in its littleness, to the consideration of life in its larger manifestations, we are met at every point by the boundless and unknown. It is not at all probable that, with all our telescopes, we have yet seen all the planets of our solar system. Our scientists are now talking of a new discovery. Only a little way back Uranus and Neptune were unknown. The older astronomers and astrologers gave them no place in their telescopes and horoscopes. No instrument has yet been formed by which we can see the life of those planets.

We may reasonably presume men and women live on the various planets of our solar system; but the real conditions of life there are unknown.

Pass by our solar system, and what mean the pale and flickering lights beyond? Ay! they are unknown suns and unknown worlds driving their blazing chariots onward. Poor, indeed, is our sight. We may pity the blind fish in the cave that never saw a sun rise or beautiful flower-garden, but there may be beings who not less lament our blindness.

We need not pursue the senses further to show their limitation. It is said the five senses are at last resolved into one sense,—the sense of feeling. Let us admit this statement; but we are still forced to concede that feeling depends upon the susceptibility of the nerves to receive impressions, and that our nerves only report such sensations as come within their limited range.

With such formidable barriers all about us when we inquire into physical nature, how absurd the claim of

the materialist, that physical knowledge is real and spiritual knowledge chimerical; that science is reliable and religion unreliable. There can be no position more inconsistent than that of materialism. He who denies the reality of matter is just as consistent as he who denies the existence of spirit or soul. All we know of the existence of matter is by the impression certain external things make upon us. In its last analysis matter is an unknown quantity and quality. It is something we weigh, divide, extend, and yet which eludes all weight, division, and extension. Matter is unknown; we simply know that certain things and forms impress us; we name the forms we see and feel; we call a certain appearance tree, another rock, and yet another flower. But what are tree, rock, flower? Put these appearances in the retort of the chemist and they vanish. The caustic Carlyle, no doubt, felt this unknown quality in matter when he said: "We start out of dumb nothingness, take appearance, and are apparitions; round us, as round the veriest specter, is eternity."

With an unknown quantity and quality at the base of the physical universe, how imperfect must be all physical science? All knowledge derived from physical phenomena must necessarily be limited and partial. Each special science rests upon certain facts which are in themselves often only partial and deceptive. To have a perfect science we must have all the facts upon which such science depends. Moreover, we must make a full and complete application of them.

When tried by this broad rule, the unknown is not less perceivable in spiritual things than in our knowl-

edge of the world of matter. How fragmentary all our scientific knowledge! Since the sixteenth century, and especially during the last fifty years, how much time has been devoted to study and research into the history of the earth! And yet all the earth history which has been written will no doubt be revised many times as investigation goes forward. We have only as yet gathered a few facts. How many are yet unknown? We have read on the face of the earth the lessons of some of its life struggles.

But how little we know of the history of this planet! How many fossils lie buried under the almighty pillars of the Andes or Himalayas that our poor eyes shall never see, and mortal hand may never touch?

When our earth started on the shoreless sea of space, the forces which pushed it out from the sun, and which impel it onward in its mighty revolutions, its past existence and future duration must be largely referred to the unknown.

Astronomy—the oldest of the sciences—is no less imperfect. Man seems to have been born with his eyes upturned toward the blue heavens. Here looked the old Chaldean from the far plains of Shinah. Here the eye of the Egyptian feasted with delight, while his weary feet trod the green valley, and his tired hands built the monuments of the Nile. To the far sky, we may believe, the wise King of Israel turned his gaze when the dusky faces of his harem could enchant him no more, and, feeling the rebuke their pure light gave the soul tempest-tossed on the sea of pleasure, exclaimed: “All is vanity and vexation of spirit.”

But we have no perfect science of the stars. Almost

daily new facts appear to change old opinions. Hence the vast stellar regions may be said to be almost unknown. Let us hope, as the years go on, we shall see further out on the limitless horizon, and know more of the worlds in space, and their inhabitants.

The same observations will apply to all the sciences. The botanist is daily discovering new plants and flowers; comparative anatomists are finding evidence of unknown species; the physiologist sees beyond bone, and muscle, and coursing blood a subtle nerve-aura no scalpel can cleave asunder, and no microscope fathom; the pale chemist in yonder laboratory, who has nursed the galvanic battery and held the fiery lightning in his hand, trembles on the shores of an infinite sea, where waves of force roll on forever. We have no complete or perfect science, and the opinions of the scientist change not less than the opinions of the religionist.

In all ages man has been — Janus-like — looking in two directions for knowledge. Standing on the summit of present being, he turns his gaze backward, and asks *whence?* Listening in vain for a response to his pleading call, he looks forward, and, with fast-beating heart, cries *whither?* But the past has refused to yield up her secrets, and on the sky of the future an unseen hand has written the omnipotent word — *unknown!* Let us be just, and say the past is unknown. Let us try to realize that uncounted millions have lived, loved, hoped, toiled, and died, whose dust has left no mark our dim eyes can see upon the face of the earth.

Look at the young strangers who wake to consciousness in this great world. Each human angel who rises upon the sea of life draws a breath of the same air,

utters the same birth-cry, opens its eyes to nearly the same wonders; but when the child looks back, and asks the path over which it came, the waves have closed in behind it, and nothing is left save the broad expanse.

Many theories are advanced to account for life before birth. Some of them are very beautiful. I was especially touched with the theory of the old Druids: that life runs in three cycles, the first of which is the cycle of infinity, where nothing can exist but God, and which none but the infinite can traverse; the second, the cycle of metempsychosis, where all things that live are born of death; and the third, the cycle of felicity, where all comes of life which shall be our heritage hereafter. It is pleasant to think that all life begins at the lowest point, and rises to the highest; that fate reigns below man, and all is necessarily evil, and above all is good, while our lives are a strange mixture of good and evil.

But what knowledge have we of man's past? No voice has spoken from the dim silence; no eye has looked behind the veil; no soul bethinks its former self. All we can say is this: we have arisen from an unknown sea, and the eternal past, about which we declaim so much, is unknown. It is an empire unmapped and unnamed, an undiscovered country waiting for some daring explorer to touch its wave-kissed shore, climb its giddy Alpine heights, and give it a name.

And, now, my old friends, we stand here today upon the summit of present being, all of us looking forward. We have looked back, times without number, over our present life-paths, and the way has been, to some of us, strewn with wrecks and wet with tears. How hilly, stony, and crooked has this way been! With some of

you the path of life has been shadowed with the clouds of bereavement and disappointment. Ay, I see some of you are looking backward now! I read it by the tear kindling in your eyes. Why this tear? Perhaps on this backward journey you have reached the first cross-road, and there is a coffin in the way; under its heavy lid lie life's fondest hopes,—it is the icy form of mother's darling. Back a little further, where the road took its sharp turn in the valley, there is another shadow; you tried to bury a great love there, but your strength failed you before you hid it out of sight, and whenever your thoughts go back to the half-covered grave the tears will flow. How varied the shadows over our little journey from the cradle! How sad the mistakes we have made, and how much we need charity! Do you know, I do not admire people who never made a mistake. The saintly touch-me-nots are illegitimate children in this world. I never felt any great admiration for the virtue that never knew a temptation.

We have said we are all looking forward, and herein comes the central thought of this discourse. When we look down the future path, the coffin and the grave are there. Moreover, the distance is short. When the June roses come again, some of these old veterans will be absent in body from our annual convocation. Now, what of that future? For twenty-six recurring Junes many of you have come up here as faithfully as the good Mussulman makes his journey to the temple at Mecca. You have been watching all these years; watching for the white sails of the fairy boats which sometimes coast near this shore of the eternal sea beyond us; watching for a hailing sign from a friend

and brother; watching for a glimpse of dear baby's face; watching for the dove which nightly nestled on your breast, and then flew out in the darkness and left you weeping alone; watching for your dead.

How much has Spiritualism done to push back the borders of the unknown before us? Has it lifted the curtain and revealed the verities of future being? It is a grand thing to speak impartially, and feel we have no cause but perceived truth. Has Spiritualism accomplished all you anticipated? For myself, I can truly say, it has not done all I had hoped, nor has it accomplished the work it has done by such agencies as I once felt sure it would employ. So-called Modern Spiritualism has disappointed me, and I feel sanguine it has also disappointed many of you.

When, twenty-six years ago, a long procession of teams drove into this village, led by a band of music, and loaded with brick, to plant the pillars of this free church, you hoped for more than has since been given. Had any prophet of evil told you then that not a decade of years would pass before these aisles would be measurably deserted, you would not have believed him. Had the same prophet told you years ago, when they were filled with groups of happy children, marching with gay banners to music's sweetest notes, that winsome childhood would desert this church, that banners and mot-toes were to be laid away, a convenient refuge for rats and mice, that the echo of music would die out, you could not have believed it. But today it needs no prophet to impress you. The deserted halls and dead lyceums in every direction testify that Spiritualism has not chosen our methods. We have offered it churches,

and it has scorned them ; we have written for it creeds, and it has trampled them under foot. Let us be brief, and say this : as an organic power in the world Spiritualism has disappointed us ; it has built no church, ordained no ministry, consecrated no altars.

How much has it done to push back the borders of the unknown before us ? We are hardly more familiar with the land of the dead than our skeptical neighbors. Where our loved ones abide we know not. Only this do we know : that country is not afar off, for many of us have felt the evening breezes which sweep down from its unknown hills into this earthly valley wherein we dwell. We have said we have not reduced the spiritual world to actual knowledge. All which pertains to that world and its environment is largely unknown. Is it a country with hills, valleys, lakes, and streams ? Do beautiful vines climb over the hillsides, forever green with velvet grasses and fragrant with the breath of flowers ? Do the valleys smile with loveliness as the Valley of Meander glowed with beauty to the maiden in the myth, when she looked back from the hill of Latmos and saw the fair Endymion sleeping there ? *We know not.* Do you tell me this world is a vast zone or belt interlacing the stellar regions above us ? Of what is this belt composed ? What the law which keeps it there ? When the suns pale and fade, and the worlds amid which it threads its way die out, as they doubtless one day will, what the celestial chemistry which shall still hold it there ?

What of the associations beyond the grave ? Do the heavenly inhabitants dwell in a vast republic ? Are laws and law-makers and law-breakers there as on earth ?

Does life in that world follow the seasons as with us here? Does childhood grow into youth and manhood, and then into wrinkled age? Probably a few cranks, who know nothing of this world, can tell us all about the next. But the thoughtful Spiritualist hears but one reply to many of these anxious inquiries, and it is the same word forever ringing in our ears — *unknown!*

No doubt some will be now ready to read me a skeptic; and, fearing I may not be considered sufficiently Orthodox, let me hasten to say: In all we have here said, we do not deny spiritual beings make themselves manifest to us in sundry ways. We are not discussing the known side of Spiritualism.

To deny that forms appear, pencils write, and that the various phenomena manifest in the early Christian church, with many added phases, are in the world today, would be to deny some of the best attested facts of the age. But our friends have not revealed this unknown side. Moreover, in all mental phenomena, such as trance, clairvoyance, divination, inspiration, and impressions, it is still an open question whence the power is derived; whether there are powers within us by which we can coast so near life's further shore we can see and feel our arisen friends, or whether spiritual beings impart this power. — To state the point conversely, in the various mental phases we have named, do they come to us, or do we go to them? When the psychic describes our diseases, or locates distant places, does he do it by an unknown power within us, or by the aid of some disembodied being? May we not safely say there is in human nature a great psychic realm we have not yet

explored? Again, if it be true that forms appear and disappear, what is material and what is spiritual?

Do we not here tremble on the borders of the unknown, just as the eloquent T. Starr King trembled when he found that, hid in a single drop of water, there is electric energy enough to "split a cathedral as though it were a toy," and that each drop we drink contains a thunder-storm.

Let us say this: Spiritualism has revealed the presence of occult forces within and without us,—forces as glorious, when rightly employed, as they are dangerous when improperly dealt with; forces that have played games of chance with star-eyed science, and won the victory; forces that have extorted unwilling confessions from hoary-headed prejudice; forces that have revealed the verity of spiritual things while they have strangely withheld the knowledge of real spiritual life; forces which have led us up to the door of an immortal temple, but refused to permit us to look within; forces as real as their revelations are oftentimes unreal; forces as reliable as the information they give is often unreliable; in short, revelations of unknown powers.

With our knowledge so limited, and a broad field inviting investigation, how sad the spectacle Spiritualists themselves present. Like Paul's little church at Corinth, some are troubled about long hair and uncovered heads. Some are especially anxious to dress this modern wonder in a suit of Sunday clothes, forgetting that wonders generally choose their own raiment. Others want a church, and others to draw the reins of social ostracism. But the thoughtful soul, realizing

how little we know of life's spiritual side, will content itself by patient investigation.

Herein comes a major question we must not omit: Is the unknown unknowable? Shall we ever be able to map the unmapped empire which stretches out on every side? Let us be hopeful. When we reflect that each human being begins this life at zero, that intellectually we start life with a simple consciousness capable of reporting only a limited amount of external phenomena, and that from this intellectual cipher poets, scientists, and philosophers have grown; moreover, when we add to this accumulated wisdom the great fact of the endless duration of life,—the ever-glorious fact of immortality,—what hopes inspire us?

If the unlettered child can grow into a Locke, Bacon, or Humboldt in one brief lifetime, what shall eternity produce? If a moral consciousness with no moral experience, without even a taste of the bitterness of vice or sweetness of virtue, can, in the little journey from the cradle to the grave, grow into a Confucius, Socrates, or Jesus, what shall the unknown ages yet to come reveal of moral grandeur and heroism?

We are looking today through dim shadows; hence, we only get partial views of each other. Tomorrow we shall see in a clearer light a more glorious sunshine,—yes, in the white light of charity “which thinketh no evil.”

My pulse beats higher when I think of the conquests yet to come. The vision before me makes my every nerve thrill. I behold the unknown receding on every side. The geologist has opened another chapter and found many a missing link in life's chain,—the long-

silent stars are speaking, and unknown and unseen suns now touch me with their light. Chemistry has found new forces, and matter becomes to the scientist luminous as the kisses of the moon on the fair face of a lake. Indeed, there is no matter: all is spirit, all is soul. The shadow side is that which we call matter, and its sunny side is soul. At last they meet and mingle as clouds meet on the brow of night. The past is present, and the present is the future. Death is life, and poor, blundering humanity has at last drank at the fountains of eternal youth.

LECTURE IV.

PROBABILITY OF A FUTURE LIFE.

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered at Chicago.

THERE are some questions that never grow old. Mankind clings to them with an all-absorbing interest from generation to generation, and from age to age. Such questions address us as an ever-present consciousness in the human race. They meet us at every step in life. We cannot drive them from us in the hours of solitude, and they often make us feel alone among the multitude. Two questions break from nearly all lips, and rise spontaneously from every heart: *Whence, and whither?* We long to know more of life's mighty past, and also to part the clouds that veil the future. We strain our eyes to look behind a cradle, and also to look beyond a coffin and a grave. Every thoughtful mind must be deeply impressed with the limitation of our knowledge. We can only coast along the shore of these two seas, and every shell or pebble we may gather is to such minds a sacred memento, thrown up by the eternal

energy from the mysterious labyrinths of being. I have sometimes asked myself, shall we ever navigate this ocean of the past? Can we ever map the empire of the future? When we have spent a lifetime pressing back these clouds, will not the veiled Sphinx still stand before us, and mock us with her riddle? There is a legend of an old monk who spent his life in lamentation. He mourned that he must die, and that he did not know when the event would occur, nor what his destiny would be in the great hereafter. Surely the old monk only uttered the plaintive cry of the human heart in every age!

I desire this evening to discuss the probability of a future life. I wish to call your attention to a few of the many intimations nature has given us of our destiny hereafter. When I speak of probability, I mean something more than a mere possibility. The evidence I wish to offer is negative evidence, which, while it may not thoroughly establish a future conscious existence for man, yet it points very clearly in that direction. It is not, in any sense, new evidence, but it is evidence which is rapidly accumulating in the minds of such thinkers as reject the agnostic tendencies of the age.

Before entering upon the subject, let us ask: What means this wonderful universe of which we form a part? Has nature any definite end or aim? Is there infinite wisdom in the order and phenomena of this universe? or is the mighty energy which girds us on every side the result of blind chance and unthinking force? If we can satisfy ourselves there is design in the order and evolution of the universe, we may, as rational beings, learn to read the thought of God after him, and such

lessons will be to us a sure and perfect word of prophecy.

It occurs to me that, upon every side of us, there is evidence of design. We may look in any direction we please, and we are confronted by intelligent force or power. We may not be able to comprehend its magnitude, but we can see in the smallest part of this power the finger-marks of divine intelligence. The atheist trusts this intelligence. He has absolute faith in the orderly processes of nature. What is order but persistency in a given form or method, and whence comes such persistency? Look at the young world when it leaps from the burning heart of the sun. A law of motion wraps it in its eternal arms and carries it forward. It proceeds in a definite order of career. Every move it makes upon the mighty chess-board of space seems predetermined for it. An unseen hand sets all potent energies at work within it. The hot flames begin to cool, and a crust forms upon the surface. Then the stately tread of the earthquakes breaks up this granite floor, and volcanoes sport their blazing fire-works in the sky. Out of this gaseous ocean come land and sea. Out of land and sea comes life. Out of the plane of life seems to spring another still higher, until we see a world, as we behold ours tonight. What has done all this? Do you answer me: Force? Then I ask you, is this force intelligent or not? If you say that it is not, then whence comes the intelligence it evolves? Does order spring from chaos, and life from dead, unconscious matter wherein no life exists?

A future conscious life seems probable for man in the manifest design in his existence. No matter from what

point of observation we look, man is the central figure of all life. There is no fact more thoroughly established than that he is the microcosm of the world. His existence is the completion of a design, made manifest in the struggling forces of universal nature. When the young world leaped from the sun, it started on the road to manhood and womanhood. Its song, as it floated on the blue breast of space, was a prelude to the coming king of the world. Every phase of life which appeared was a prophecy of life still higher, and each paved the way, and smoothed the path, for man. When man came, he came as the king of the world. Some may inquire: After man, what? But, I think, our scientists are fast settling the question that, after man, we can look no further. He carries in his organism the rudiments of lost physical powers. There are dormant muscles which were active in the brute. He appears as an animal being, just on the ebbing tide of life. Nor can we claim, after the present man, another race of men who shall start life with all our wisdom; and reach thereby some ideal humanity on earth, about which our modern theorists talk so much. It is beautiful to talk about this ideal humanity on earth. I have listened with pleasure to many of these fanciful dreams, but "the vision falls, and the sleeper awakens on his pillow of stone."

The ideal city and republic, and the ideal humanity, are beautiful ideals, but no more. Every child born into this world must walk the stony path of experience, and nature has given us no intimation that children will be born sages in the near future. Man is the fruit of the tree of life. Shall he live only to draw a sigh,

or heave a smile at life's open gate, and then go out in darkness? What infinite folly for a law of progress to toil through the ages to produce conscious, thinking man, and then end his life with this brief earthly experience! It seems to me the design in nature is abruptly terminated if we concede to man no other future existence.

Moreover, I think a future life is made probable in the adaptation of means to ends everywhere manifested. Looking again at man from this physical standpoint, we are impressed with the wonderful adaptation between him and the universe. His physical nature is in perfect accord with his environment. Nature seems to have anticipated his necessities, and to have made ample provision therefor. To maintain the constant waste in his system food is necessary. Our scientists tell us hunger and love are two forces which have impelled the world. Hunger has impelled him to break with his strong hand the virgin soil, and this prayer, made manifest by his action, has been answered by a generous supply. Earth's valleys are fertile, and the hills are clothed with verdure. The resources to gratify this physical want seem exhaustless. How perfect the adaptation between our lungs and the air! Our eyes pray for light. They are related to the light of the world. Perhaps a more philosophical statement would be, the eye is the light of the world gone up into organic structure. Where there is no light eyes are not. That which in the light becomes an eye, in earth's dark solitudes is a mere blubber under the skin. What a flood of light is spread out before our eyes! How the mighty sun pours down his golden flood-tide over the world! How

grandly beautiful the light of uncounted stars, and the pale beams of the waning moon! The same facts are true of sound. Our ears are framed in perfect unison with audible existence; yet it must, no doubt, be conceded they do not express or retain any considerable portion of the notes and octaves touched by the master-hand in nature's universal orchestra. There are songs so sweet we cannot hear them; harp-strings which quiver and vibrate under the soft touch of the breath from lips that are not formed of earth's cold clay.

But this does not detract from the force of my argument. It only proves there are more, and perhaps sweeter, sounds in this universe than our dull ears pray for. Hence, the supply is greater than our demands. Moreover, I believe this to be true of the wants of every department of our natures.

A few years ago, we found the whale oil nearly consumed, or, at least, difficult to obtain. Then skeptics said we are doomed to the thick darkness of night; but we bored down into the rocks, and oil leaped forth like an unchained demon. When the oil fields began to diminish, and in many places the abandoned derricks gave token of an oil famine, American genius made the heavens glow in the glare of the electric light.

We once said: How can we warm ourselves on these great prairies; there is no timber for fuel? But we opened the earth, and here we found fuel in abundance. Some croakers, just like the world's doubting materialists, are already beginning to talk of exhausted coal fields, and the dying fires in the heart of the earth, and that we will soon be entombed in ice. *Don't worry!* When the time comes, some daring Yankee will bottle

the sunbeams, and pour them on our cold hearth-stones. Look at man's desire for knowledge. His prayer for knowledge becomes a key to the intellectual treasures of the world; when he knocks at the door in nature's temple, it opens wide to his intellect, and the earth becomes illuminated Scripture, bearing upon every page the impress of the divine hand. An idiot will tramp on crawling worms, sand and pebbles, and see in them no lessons; but a philosopher will bow his head in reverence for the lessons they teach.

When we view man's social nature there is the same adaptation between our desires and their gratification. "Hunger and love," says the scientist, "are the forces which move man." What is love but the soul's hunger made manifest in our social and spiritual natures? What are the demands of this soul-hunger? Go, ask the young mother who kneels so sadly at that little mound her tender hand has covered with the early daisies and the lilac's first bloom! See her bend over that little slab of marble, and pour her briny flood into the world's ocean of tears! Go, ask widowed love the meaning of its heavy sigh! Go, ask yonder weeping orphan what barbed arrow has pierced his heart! It needs no magic art to read this lesson. Love reaches out beyond the coffin and the grave, and demands an answer to the plaintive cry it sends over death's turbulent stream.

Now, we argue, as there is light for the eye, sound for the ear, knowledge for the seeker, friends for the friendly, so, in the very nature of things, there must be a spiritual universe and a spiritual existence for man to complete the demands of his being.

Again, however successful our lives may be, they are, nevertheless, incomplete. This world does not exhaust us. Not long since the great Victor Hugo beautifully expressed this thought when he said he felt he had not said or written the smallest part within him. I think this is true of every life. There is a depth of loving and feeling nothing in this life can fully satisfy. Wherever you find man, you find discontent. The animal may feel satisfied with the food it gathers, and the knoll or cave it finds for repose; but we are not satisfied with ours. We may be as poor as Lazarus, or rich as Cræsus, we want something more. Could we bring here tonight all the phases of life in your great city; the poor, dirty, ragged children of poverty; the weary laborers, who grind out life's hopes at the rough wheels of toil; the wretched prostitutes, with the black marks of death upon their brows; the millionaires, who are chafing in golden fetters; the skeptic, who doubts life's fairest prophecy; and your whining saints, who fancy they have secured a parlor-car to heaven, and we would not find one in all the motley number content.

The voice of history speaks to us here. Once the great Nebuchadnezzar sat in his royal palace, a seeming picture of content. Queenly Babylon, with walls of stone and gates of brass, and mighty watch-towers looking over the vast plains, was, indeed, an imposing city. The king's eye could feast upon the beautiful hanging-gardens he had built for his Midian wife, justly called one of the seven wonders of the world. Surely, we might look for contentment here! But we find the king touched with strange forebodings for the fate of his empire. Alexander made the world offer a tribute

of blood to his ambition, but one world was not enough for him to conquer. The old Napoleon climbed the Alps and made the Pyramids tremble, but he learned a lesson of human frailty at Waterloo, and heard from his prison-home at St. Helena the sad waves chant a requiem over the wreck of human ambition. Like the bird, whose instinct impels it into a warmer climate, we feel a far-off attraction. The doubts of the skeptic, and our every sigh and tear, are omens of another life.

Again, the lessons of life and death are manifold, if we would only read them. We die to live, and we live to die. There is nothing permanent about these bodies but change. In our waking and sleeping moments these changes go forward. Hence, we live by death. It only requires a few days, by change of diet, of climate, to work very radical changes in the human system. Some tell us our bodies change every year in their fleshy part, and about every seven years the entire bony frame work is changed. The old man leaves many bodies behind in the weary march of his lengthened years. *Gone* is the body of the babe that once nestled so sweetly on the warm breast of a mother. *Gone*, as faded the flower you loved in your garden. *Gone*, the light feet of happy childhood, and the musical ripple of its laughter. Yes, *gone*, with the ball, the kite, and the faithful dog that walked by your side; the play-house you built under the trees; and the old nurse who sleeps in the church-yard. *Gone*, your youthful body, when the blood was wild with passion, and the sky red with the glare of ambition. *Gone!* yes, *gone*, with the dear girl you loved, whom death struck with his wing, and the sad toll of the school-bell for the fallen one, has

echoed down the dim aisles of these gathered years. *Gone*, manhood's body,—the body which sweat in the sultry sun at noon, and struck strong blows for love and honor. *Gone!* yes, *gone*, with the dear wife who stood like an angel at your side, giving strength in your weakness, hope in your despondency, pouring oil upon the mad waves of your passion, and crystallizing with the very breath of Eden your hottest, sadest tears. I see you now with the long, deep furrows on your face; the frosty seal on your head; the infirmity of years in your limbs. But you did not give up your self-hood with your changing bodies. Every people, every friend, every heart-love, all the accidents and incidents of the journey are safely gathered in the store-house of memory. Is there not here a strong probability that the aged pilgrim will survive the final change? Yes, I believe that ere earth's last star dims and dies away light will break over the eternal hills, bringing to the old pilgrim's vision the dawn of an immortal day.

Finally, let us observe the demonstrated facts of science. The patient investigators of the universe have not hesitated to affirm eternal substance and eternal power. Every fact in nature tends to prove matter and force eternal. Prof. Proctor, in contemplating the origin of this earth and its final doom, when it shall grow cold and dead as the moon, does not hesitate to affirm that the matter of which it is composed, and the forces which move it, are eternal. It is of no moment what the original condition of the earth or solar system may have been. The flow of matter and of force goes forward from eon to eon, and eternity to eternity. Let us accept this truth. Let us feel that we live in a world

of eternal substance, in a world where the smallest grain of sand, the feeblest flower, and the poor withered leaf autumn's winds scatters in the sloughs of the street, are made of matter as deathless as God. Let us also feel that all force is eternal; that the hand that rounds our baby's tear, and moves the massive world, can never be palsied; that the voice that speaks in an infant's sigh, or in the heavy tread of heaven's artillery, is a deathless voice.

Now, apply this fact to man. Shall matter and force be eternal, and the spirit of man, who alone has discovered this deathless substance and power, go down, as Mr. Ingersoll would say, "into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust?" Shall the substance of the star abide forever, and the mind that can study the cycles of its flight be lost in a day? Must worlds be eternal in their substance and power, and the mind which can measure and analyze them go out in darkness?

Man is greater than the world, for he can comprehend and survey it. He is greater than a star, for he can bethink its birth and death. He reads the thoughts of God after him. But for man, God would be childless, and friendless, and, like Robinson Crusoe, he would be banished in his own universe.

How many the voices proclaiming the soul's great future? In earth, in air, and in sky, we read a glorious destiny. Let the wheel of time crush the monuments we build, and temples we rear; let the roses go from our cheeks, and the pale lily sit in their decay; let nimble limbs grow stiff, and raven locks become as white as winter's rifts of snow, still shall we live and learn as the eternal years roll on.

LECTURE V.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

Delivered at Cleveland, Ohio.

THIRTY and seven years have come and gone since the advent of Modern Spiritualism. This event did not occur in an age of ignorance and superstition. It was born in the blazing noon-tide of the nineteenth century. Over its cradle white-robed angels kept their vigils, and the ear of positive and skeptical philosophy heard its first sound. No sooner was its birth proclaimed than theological Herods issued their decree of death, and brandished over its baby couch the already-blunted sword of religious intolerance. The years have crept on, and each one has added to its force, until today we commemorate an event that has thrilled every avenue of society; it has touched philosophy, and wiped the icicles from its frozen face; it has played games of chance with materialistic scientists, and left them defeated and dismayed; it has broken the swords of theological gladiators, and laid them in ruins at their feet. Art has caught its radiant beams of light, and Poetry

has felt its breath, and poured forth a song of praise. Modern Spiritualism has walked through society with winged feet. In the wretched hut of poverty, in the palace of wealth, in the library of the scientist, in the cushioned pews of the church, in the granite halls of state, it has everywhere claimed an audience.

Fortunate will it be for us if we can rise to some serene altitude whence we can look over these years of history, and anticipate the future of this movement.

It is to be conceded Modern Spiritualism had a humble beginning. Its sounds did not come in the clash of steel or smoke of battle. They did not call the world from a smoking Sinai or the gloom of an Arabian cave, but they came in an obscure village, far removed from the thoroughfares of trade. They did not echo in the frescoed halls of a cathedral, but they came in the unpretending cottage of the poor. It was not given to ambitious statesmen and an intolerant priesthood to first hear the raps, but they called in the trusting ear of happy girlhood. Church and State were alike deaf to them.

Our scientists, pale with long and patient toil, heard not the strange voices. Philosophers, gray with age, saw not the angels' feet treading along the boundaries of earth. Hoary-headed skepticism pronounced them a nine-days' wonder, which would quickly pass away, but the wonder has increased until a child can now see Spiritualism is a power in the world.

Let us not draw over-colored pictures, nor indulge in any vain boasting on this occasion. If there was ever a time when Spiritualists should be frank and sincere, this is that supreme moment.

Granting the reality of the facts of Spiritualism, it has not accomplished all we desire. Indeed, its great work has only begun, and it has, as yet, added little to the world's art history or science.

Spiritualism has created for us no Apollos from the unpolished marble equal to the work of the old masters who made the mute lips of stone breathe the disdain of the gods. It has hung on the walls of our homes no Madonnas, on whose dreamy eyelids rest the charms of a more exquisite beauty than the ideals drawn out by a Raphael.

Astronomy is not indebted to it for the discovery of many new planets earthly telescopes could not reveal. Spirits have not, as yet, pointed out to us any spot on the earth, or under it, where we can find the missing link between man and beast, nor demonstrated whether there is or is not a connection between the two, nor have they drawn on the dark background of this world any well-defined map of the spiritual universe. If that universe is the invisible side of this, with its uncounted stars and suns, it has not been demonstrated. We strain our poor eyes in vain to see the divisions of that land. Its oceans have not been located or named. The celestial fleets that sail its azure seas have dropped to us no log-book giving the direction of the winds, the name of their fairy ships, or the color and length of their streaming sails. No angel hand has sketched out for us the granite base of its eternal hills, or pointed our admiring eyes to their flower-clad summits.

It is an open question today what animals are there, or whether any exist in that world native to our earth. We do not know what the variety of its flowers, or

whether their seeds were ever quickened in an earthly soil. Nor have we read the constitution and laws of the heavenly republics. Nor do we know whether such governments exist. All this, and much more, belongs to its future work.

Let us here pause, and ask: What has so-called Spiritualism accomplished during the thirty-seven years of its history?

First. I think we can safely say it has demonstrated, beyond dispute, the existence of spiritual beings, and that such beings can, and do, hold special—and, perhaps, I ought to say, limited—intercourse with the inhabitants of earth. The evidences upon which we predicate this statement are so numerous it would be a waste of time to present any special facts to support it.

Do you desire facts. You shall find them in every city, village, and at nearly every fireside. Such facts are of nearly every character, from the simple rap which marked its opening to the more complicated phenomena that have followed in rapid succession.

They have occurred at all times, and in all seasons,—in the grey of the morning, in the flush of noon, in the shades of twilight, and in the still watches of the night. Any man or woman who affirms that our age is destitute of spiritual facts is as wild as Nebuchadnezzar when he betook himself to the company of beasts.

Moreover, such facts have demonstrated the ever-present and active agency of spiritual beings in the affairs of mankind. We have learned by and through them that love does not sleep in a coffin, and memory cannot be buried in the grave.

Second. It has demonstrated, during these years,

man's spirituality in this : it has shown he has power to transcend the limitation of his physical environment, and deal with facts and forces beyond mere sensuous perception. Hence, it has done more than simply to demonstrate that spirits can, and do, hold intercourse with us by establishing the converse proposition, viz., that man is a spirit, *per se*, and that he can touch an inner and grander world. Herein it establishes the super-sensuous powers of the soul. We have learned through spiritual facts there are forces and powers within us greater and grander than skepticism has dreamed. We are just beginning to realize the soul has wings by which it can rise and touch the sun-lit and star-lit borders of a world vaster than this.

Spiritualism has not created these powers of the soul. They slumbered under the hopes and fears of poor, savage man battling with a world full of poisonous reptiles and wild beasts.

Man has possessed these powers in every age, but he was ignorant of their possession. It is leading us along a line of internal discovery. We have learned that we have wings as well as dull and aching limbs. Moreover, when our limbs are dormant, we can tread along the boundaries of a world lit with a fairer sun than illuminates this cold hemisphere. Do you inquire what are those marvelous powers of the soul Spiritualism has quickened within us? Clairvoyance is one of them. Known in all ages, it has been reserved to the thirty-seven years just gone to reduce this power to an almost family heritage. Clairvoyants are now numbered by thousands, and the age believes in this gift.

It demonstrates our power to see without the bodily

organ, thus forever annihilating the subtle materialism which bases all knowledge upon physical sensation. We now know that the soul can see objective nature as well as subjective creations, when no quivering beam of light has pictured such objects on the retina of the eye. This inward seeing goes farther than the outward. It is direct sight. Centuries ago, the old apostle said: "We now see through a glass darkly," and science has demonstrated that our eyes only catch the inverted images of things.

But in this picture-gallery of the soul we deal with the verities of objective and subjective life. Clairaudience is another of these powers. Scientists tell us the most acute human ears can only hear a certain number of vibrations per minute; that there is a point where the vibrations become so rapid we cannot separate them with this sense, and we therefore lose them; but we have learned that we have a finer sense of hearing, whereby we catch echoes of harps touched by the bland breezes that sweep over the eternal hills.

Another power is psychometry. This gift also reveals to us the marvelous powers of the soul. Here is a power which leads the sensitive into a realm of subtle forces. The psychometrist treads along the borders of an inner world.

Here space is annihilated, and time forgotten. The air becomes vocal with the voices of many ages. Every stone is an encyclopedia of history, and the ashes of the dead take the subject into the presence of the living.

It verifies the declaration of the great preacher of Israel: "Every secret thing shall be revealed." This power goes down the long and dusty corridors of the

misty past, and up the mysterious heights of the future, and often sits on the throne of prophecy.

What wonderful achievements! How mighty shall be their power in the world's yet unwritten history! When I contemplate all the powers Spiritualism is quickening within us, I know not which most to admire: the fact that our friends hail us from the other shore, or the fact that we can coast so near the other side we sometimes hear over the roar of the waves, which break around our frail life-barks, voices that in the long-vanished years were hushed in the still silence of the grave.

Third. I think we can reasonably claim Spiritualism has demonstrated, during this period, a present law of inspiration, which necessarily forces upon us a belief in the permanency and universality of inspiration in all ages. Mortals are today speaking with new tongues as in pentacostal times. They are also healing the sick by the same power. Do you doubt its inspiration? Look over the list of its teachers during these years. None of the trained Demostheneses and Ciceros of our age came forward to champion its cause. Not a college threw open its doors and bade it welcome. Not a church said: "Come, sit on this altar, and receive our blessing." Not a clergyman dare speak kindly of its advent until he knew his salary was secure. But Spiritualism could not be thwarted. It transformed school-boys and girls into orators. It brought its own learning, and built in the wilderness of human skepticism its altars, and lit them with an immortal sun.

We do not claim this army of freshmen has startled the world with classic lore. We do believe, however,

their utterances will compare as favorably with modern scholarship as the teachings of the twelve apostles compared with Grecian culture. We claim still more: it has ordained a larger number of teachers, and gained for itself more converts in the same length of time, than did Christianity and Mohammedanism combined.

Thirty-seven years ago Spiritualism was without literature. It had neither press, papers, nor books; but it has created its own literature, and stamped its image on the thought of our time. Here, again, we must admit that many of its books do not equal in culture the standard literature of the age. Yet, I challenge the world to produce such books, under such circumstances. Bring me a boy from the cobbler's bench who can equal "Nature's Divine Revelations." It has been said that genius is born, and not made, and I believe it. In poetry nature has given no more marvelous births than the old masters, from Homer to Shakespeare; but I challenge all the masters to write the equal of Harris's great production in the same time, without touching the same fountain of inspiration. I will go further, and say the inspiration of Miss Doten, from Poe, equals the best productions of the masters. Her inspiration from Burns transports us to the hawthorne shades of bonnie Scotland. Then, again, he takes us over the mystic river, and we can almost see the lovers' happy meeting in a land where death's pale frosts never come. Let me repeat, Spiritualistic literature is the marvel of the age in the manner in which it is produced, and demonstrates a present law of inspiration.

It has art; but its artists do not come as pupils from our art schools. They have not traveled thousands of

miles to find some picturesque spot where the torn cliff and rushing waters are bathed in the ruddy glow of the sunrise, or yet sadder beams of his setting. They have not gone out under the light of uncounted stars, and the sad smiles of the waning moon, to search the glassy bosom of earth's lakes for ideals. But its artists, like its sounds, have come from the unpretending cottage of the poor. They have been called in a moment, and without preparation, from the toils of the kitchen, the farm, the shop, and the play-grounds of happy childhood; called, not to copy the work of any master, but often in the deep sleep of trance to draw the shadow of the face of a loved one who has slept through the changing seasons of many years under the drooping willow and sighing cypress.

Who can doubt the reality of its inspiration? Who will deny the universality of the law which revives such wonders at certain marked periods in history? Who can doubt that Spiritualism is one of those great tidal-waves of spiritual power which roll like the pulse-beats of the Almighty, at certain intervals, over the torn and ragged sea of human history. The coming scientist will, through these facts, unlock the long-hidden door to nature's inner temple. In this "sanctum sanctorum" fairer forms will greet his eye, and sweeter sounds will touch his ear, than are to be seen in this world of gross matter, or heard in the "din and jar" of mortal strife. We can affirm all this, and much more; if we are to go no farther, let this first chapter of facts be the last one. Let it contain the preface and finale of the movement, and still these facts will always re-

main an important part of human experience, as they have a direct bearing on the great problem of destiny.

I am impressed, however, that the phenomena are only in their infancy. Chapters and volumes are to succeed what has already been written. The question of the ultimate of Spiritualism, as a fact, is already settled; but the relation we, as Spiritualists, shall sustain to such facts is now the major question. The vital question before the avowed Spiritualists today is not how spiritual facts, *per se*, can be preserved, but what shall become of Spiritualists? The future of Spiritualism is secure, but the future of Spiritualists is a question of grave doubt and anxiety. We are like Nebuchadnezzar when he lay on his royal couch touched with anxiety for the fate of his empire, or like Xerxes, of ancient Persia, when his mighty hosts reached the stormy pass at Thermopylæ. Our Rubicon is before us. The gathering clouds portend the stormy equinox. We have *individualized* until we are in danger of losing our identity altogether. Look where we will, the mellow fruit and golden grain are smiling in the kisses of autumn sun. You and I, by the help of angels, have scattered this seed. Shall others now reap where we have sown in the cold winds of public scorn? There are times when the opportunities of a life-time are crowded into a single hour. There are moments when a single stroke builds or destroys the fair citadel of fame; times when the mariner must turn hasty glances in all directions, and watch the rapidly-changing course of the ever-shifting winds. Some of you who hear me today have been impelled by the force of these facts, and a great inspiration which came upon you, to go out into the

world's religious wilderness, and pre-empt new and better soil. Now, those who stayed back — and, in many instances, pointed the finger of scorn at you while you were clearing the brush — claim your improvements. Moreover, if you refuse to break this soil, and seed it for the world's future, they will obtain it and utilize it. The question is not, I repeat, whether spiritual facts are to remain or live, for they are already secure. The great question is: Are these facts to be handed down to our children as an essential part of theological legerdemain? Are they to be respected and enjoyed only under the incantations of a priest? Is sacrificial wine and bread to sanctify the future circle? Are they to be stamped with sectarian trade-marks? Shall they be offered as Presbyterian Spiritualism or Methodist Spiritualism, and warranted perfectly harmless,—provided always they are taken according to directions? I repeat, again, the question before us is a simple one: Are we to dictate the course of the ship, or are we to be forced, if we ride at all, to take deck passage, and be silent? Moreover, shall these facts take their place with the imperishable facts of science? Will they be made the key to the greatest of all science, viz., the science of man's spirituality? As the stars link us to astronomy, as the fossils at our feet lead us to geology, shall these facts also lead the world to a spiritual science more lasting and beautiful than either?

Let us look over the fields we have gleaned. Let us see what we have been doing through these years.

First. It has been yours and mine to bear unequivocal testimony to the facts we have seen and heard. We have done this regardless of those who have doubted

our sincerity, and, in many instances, our sanity. In this regard our voices have given no uncertain sound. Through the days and the years we have not hesitated to tell the unaffected story of our experience before either the *savants* of science or theology. Our candor, in many instances, has been rewarded by scorn, our sincerity by ostracism. Yet the triumph of these facts has been everywhere universal and complete. In the palace of the king, and in the hut of the peasant, they have spoken in the voice of arisen loved ones, and triumphed over scorn, pride, and intolerance, and waved the banner of victory on every hand.

Second. The attitude of the church toward us has exposed to our view her deformity, and these facts have also helped to show us the error and inconsistency of many of the doctrines of the church. This has fired our zeal, and quickened our warfare with the sects and creeds, whose advocates have met our facts with contempt. Hence, the old story of church denunciation on the one hand, and fresh blood returning the blows on the other, has been repeated. We have passed the same initiation at the hands of the church that all advocates of new views have in all ages. History clearly affirms that an established church or government never reforms itself. I need not carry you over the long line of the past to prove this assertion. They never accept a new idea willingly. They do not welcome the hand that would destroy their idols. This universal tenacity of life reaches into the domain of institutions while it holds undisputed empire in all animate existence. Every great religion has planted its cornerstone on ground wet with the blood that an old, intol-

erant religion has drawn from its veins. Every temple of human liberty has been cemented by the tears hoary despots have wrung from the swollen eyes of weeping fugitives. Every science has unfurled its banners under the anathemas of impudent priests, who have blocked the highway of human progress. There has been nothing without precedent in our history in this respect. The opposition and ridicule we have received has, no doubt, made us often uncharitable in denunciation of the church. A sober, second thought will modify many of our criticisms. The tendency now is towards a philosophical examination of the claims of the church rather than reckless denunciation, and I regard this as a hopeful sign among Spiritualists. It is better to study the defects of a system rather than indulge in fruitless attempts to sneer it away. The church has done mankind a service, with all its defects. No man living is further from Roman Catholicism than myself. I have read the history of her intolerance, when the blood in my veins would almost congeal into drops, and each drop clamor to pour a withering, blighting curse on this great foe to spiritual liberty. But a calmer view would reveal the better side. Then I could see her great charities. I could see her watchful care for learning and for art, and her asylums for orphans. Then I could see that, with untold wealth, she has made her home among the poor, and dropped upon the hard hand of honest toil a blessing. I could see her nuns on the bloodiest battle-fields of our great rebellion with their arms of love around the dying soldier, closing his heavy eyelids for a wakeless sleep, and catching from his freezing lips a last message for distant loved ones. Then, I

said to myself: "This great church, with all her Jesuits, has her virtues, and I will be just."

I am equally as far from Protestantism. Her intolerance has been a great deadly upas in the world's highway, but she also has her virtues. Her colleges, universities, and charities more than balance her deformities. She has done, and is today doing, mankind a service. I think this broader and calmer view of the church is already being felt by a large class of Spiritualists.

Third. Our work, therefore, has been the work of the pioneer. We have pushed out into the world's spiritual wilderness, and blazed here and there a tree for others to follow. It has been very largely a work of negation. We have been tearing down old and useless creeds and opinions. We have helped the spirit of the age to lay in the grave of forgetfulness many worthless fables. This field of labor has been, for the most part, an unwelcome one. It has been a vast charnel-house, wherein unwholesome vapors filled the air. We can look over the field today and see the unmarked graves of many once-popular dogmas. We have helped free-thinkers put out the fires of hell. Mothers are not now concerned about the burning of their infant dead; this horrid nightmare, which has brooded like the black wings of the pestilence over mankind, is broken. We have, in connection with the aforesaid allies, succeeded in slaying and burying the Orthodox devil. This was a herculean task. How the clergy rushed to his defense. What bitter groans would come from all the Orthodox pulpits with every wound we made in his almost impregnable sides. The Devil had been chief of police in

every well-regulated community from time immemorial. Since Mr. Beecher has led the way, the country clergymen can preach without alluding to him. There are other dead issues. I will not tax your patience by alluding to them. It does not become a valiant knight to voice his heroism over the corpse of his victims. When I hear a lecturer wasting his valuable time on issues already past, it seems to me he has much of the spirit of the pious Methodist who beat his Universalist neighbor's dead dog just to show him there was punishment after death. We have also forced the recognition of scientists. Our facts, once scorned by them, are now being studied and investigated. We can look over the ocean today, and thank such men as Zollner and others, who, through these facts, are seeking a still deeper and grander science. They can do for them a work we cannot perform, and will place them upon broader and firmer foundations in the years to come.

Looking over this field, the thoughtful must see that our work has been a negative one, and it has also been a useful work. As the man who clears away the giants of the forest takes an important step in the process of civilization, so also the negationist who clears the field of hoary errors does mankind a service. This is not the highest service. It is really the kitchen work, and a work that requires the least skill. An imbecile can tear down an old and tottering building, but it takes a mechanic to make a new one. There is an old adage, that it requires an agriculturist to grow a hill of corn, but "any hog can root it up." It is much easier to criticise a bible than it is to write one. A very ordinary observer may discover that our neighbor is ill, but

it requires knowledge and skill to prescribe the successful antidote. This age will not be satisfied with the man or woman — no matter what name they may bear — who can do no other public service than to perform the feats of an acrobat in an antique grave-yard. A hungry man has little reverence for the one who shows him the ants in the last crust in his haversack, and yet cannot offer him a crumb.

The condition of the religious world is easily seen. Man, by nature, is a spiritual being. Man, devoutly and intensely religious, stands today amid the wreck and ruin of old faiths and creeds, asking for the sunlight of a spiritual religion. Shall this soul-prayer go unanswered? No, it cannot. Out of the soul-depths of the Infinite Love the fadeless beams of this prayer for light will come. Demand and supply are co-equal in the order of nature.

I have said this is a critical hour for the Spiritualists. It is a critical hour because of the great demand now everywhere felt. It is also a critical hour because opposition to our facts has ceased. Wild as my statement may seem, I aver that opposition in certain stages is the steam in the boiler of success. If you want any cause to grow in public favor, persecute it,—the greater the persecution, the more rapid its growth. It was persecution which helped to make Christianity one of the great historical religions. The crucifixion of the man of Nazareth did more to establish his messiahship than all the alleged miracles he performed. When the lash of intolerance drove Mohammed, in his first hegira, from Mecca to Medina, the faith of Islam was made secure. As the roots of the tree strike deeper

in the soil when the merciless winds play with its branches, so do religions grow stronger under the lash of persecution. The surest way to defeat the recognition of a new fact is to treat it with silence. Our danger today is not that we are opposed, but rather in the fact that opposition has ceased. It does not arise because we are the advocates of an unpopular cause, but from the fact that our facts are already accepted. What fact have we today that our neighbors do not almost universally concede, and, in many instances, prize sacredly as we do? Do you believe in clairvoyance? The educated in the church also believe it. Do you believe the Rochester rappings were produced by spiritual beings? A large percentage of the church also believe it. Do you believe that ever and anon we catch gleams of light from the immortal shores in premonitions, dreams, impressions, trance, and by divers and sundry ways? The church also believes it, and, in many instances, openly advocates it. If we except today a small percentage of materialists in the church, and quite as large a percentage who are training in the ranks of Spiritualists, and also the large and rapidly-concentrating army of materialists, atheists, and skeptics generally, the world has accepted Spiritualism.

The busy world will not rest here. A new temple must be reared; one large enough to take in every footsore pilgrim who treads life's dusty highways; one so high its tower shall touch the farthest star; one so beautiful the gods shall delight to gaze upon its frescoed walls.

Where are the builders? Shall we find them among that large class of Spiritualists who, having gratified a

selfish curiosity in these facts, now sit down in inglorious ease? Shall we find them among another large class who only delight in beating their neighbor's dead dog to show their revenge on an intolerant church and priesthood? Can we hope to obtain them among a third class who only desire phenomenalism? This class of men and women enjoy eating a fallen apple, but have no interest in the law by which it falls, or in the generous nature that has produced it.

Let me emphasize still more plainly: The era of negation has past. We are not now called upon to state our doubts, but the world desires to know what we believe. You might as well attempt to resuscitate a starving man on icicles as to feed the spirit of the age on cold negations and barren platitudes. We cannot hold a thoughtful audience by finding fault with the past or condemning the present. The world will not long listen to our condemnation of the work of others, if we do nothing ourselves. Moreover, we have no greater claims upon the facts of Spiritualism than others. We have no letters-patent upon a truth as old as mankind; nor am I so conceited as to think we are, of all beings, the most lovely in the sight of Heaven. If we are, I greatly mistake the taste of the angels.

Let us not flatter ourselves the work will stop if we are either incapable or unwilling to do it. When we stop, other hands will build forward. If we refuse to go, the spirit of the age will go forward without us. Growth is the only unlimited ticket on the thoroughfare of progress. When we stop growing, we begin to die. Shall we now go forward, and carry the headlight

of this constructive work, or shall others reap where we have sown?

Great as is the responsibility upon the Spiritualists at large, still greater and graver is the situation for the medium and public advocate. Those who have gifts of any value must enlarge and perfect them. This requires care, culture, and a spirit of sacrifice. I can see no reason why these favored ones should not adorn their gifts with every personal grace and charm. I cannot believe stupid ignorance the best soil for angelic influx, nor do I believe the want of personal worth is a necessary trade-mark in any phase of mediumship. If we fail here, others will give it the conditions we refuse. Equally ominous is the hour for those who publicly advocate the claims of Spiritualism.

When the people go to a lecture, they expect to hear something, and we must be able to meet the demands of the public if we would have recognition from this restless age. To be builders in the new era now dawning, we must be thinkers, or gain the inspiration of those who think. We should have a definite idea of the magnitude of the temple upon which we work. We should know the construction of its several parts, and we should also form an idea of the completed structure wherein the nations shall worship. This work, in my judgment, is twofold:—

First. Man's spiritual nature must be scientifically demonstrated. This calls for scientific thought. It asks for a classification of all the facts of occult science. It enjoins upon the builder a revelation of the laws by which such facts are possible in human experience. The world's magical side must be explored. Man's

wildest dreams are to be interpreted. The line of demarcation is to be drawn between the projected images of man's over-heated brain and the undying camp-fires which burn on the other side of Death's swollen stream. Facts must be separated from fiction. The occult forces within us, and the spiritual powers beyond us, are all to be analyzed. Who shall gauge and inspect them? Anxious millions are waiting for a spiritual science, built upon the eternal granite of man's spirituality. *Where are the builders?* Some are toiling on this temple. All hail to their labors! Wherever these builders are today, and under whatever name,—in England, in France, in Germany, on the isles of the sea, or in our own country,—I would drop upon their path a blessing. Others sit in stupid ignorance; they do not seek knowledge. They even boast of the emptiness of their heads, and the fullness of their stomachs. They seem to imagine stupidity and ignorance are the wings by which men and women rise into fame and history. Others gracefully tell us the spirits will do it all, and I commend such to the church where Jesus is invoked to do the work they have neither the energy nor ability to accomplish. Let us remember this science will be established either with or without us. Science is cold and skeptical today, but she will have the warm blood and sweet faith of a child tomorrow. The children are today born who will see the spotless banner of science wave from the dome of the world's church, kissed by the bland breezes which come from the embowered highlands of the immortal life. Science has already started on the road to her spiritual coronation. The realms of the invisible will be explored. We shall soon

climb, with the torch of science in our hands. up the rugged steeps of the immortal hills, whence we can behold on their far summit the open gates of the eternal city.

Second. The fore-gleams of the world's religion already begin to light the sky. Our year of jubilee is surely coming. The earth's martyrs, avatars, apostles, and Christs have not died in vain. It will be a religion of heart as well as of head; a religion which will draw mankind together rather than pull them apart. This religion will not freeze out the pulpit with intellectual giants and spiritual dwarfs, nor will it want culture and power. It will be a universal and spiritual religion,—one that will consecrate *all days, all books, all places, and all labor*. *Where are the builders?* Who shall lead the oppressed Israel of many lands to this fair Canaan of their hopes? Who shall part, with the magic rod of wisdom, the blood-red waters of hoary theologies for their tired feet to pass? Who shall hold out the beacon-light of universal inspiration to aid these tempest-tossed mariners to a peaceful harbor? Are you and I too weak and selfish to do it? If we are, God and the angels will raise up others to succeed us. The mantle will be stripped from our shoulders, and fall upon the shoulders of these coming Joshuas.

Historians and scientists tell us that on the sunny highlands of Central Asia, near the plateau of Iran, the great historic races once had a peaceful home. Here dwelt the Hindu, the Persian, the Hebrew, and the Mongol, happy and contented members of one family. Lovingly they nestled together, as the tired family of peasants gathered in the vine-clad hut in evening's deepening shadows, to touch each other in

pleasant dreams. More than forty dead centuries lie between us and that ancestral home. Around this now empty cradle great civilizations have grown up, and then gone out in darkness. The eyes of the elder and mightier Egypt looked over to this spot, and blessed it. The older and wiser Arabian remembered it in his dreams. In India's primal morning her seers turned to those hights, and they were sacred as the empty shoe to the bereaved mother. They further tell us that an unknown fate pushed this ancestral family from their loving homestead, and drove them in diverging life-paths. The great races have sprung from this separation. All the ancestral links were in time forgotten in the mighty struggle for existence. They were scattered over the earth, as the furious cyclone scatters autumn's withered leaves. Some were driven to the south to endure the enervating climate of the tropics, and inhale the fetid breath of the hot simoon. Others were forced into the north, where great mountains of ice glisten in the beams of a sun forever cold, and the moon weaves castles of frost-work over their houses of snow. Scattered they have been on the summit of many mountains, in many valleys, and many have been sunk in the depths of the sea.

Now, after the lapse of all these centuries, when not even a waking remembrance was left of this early home, when all monuments had perished, when marble had crumbled, and bronze faded and decayed, then came the philologist, and he found for us the lost word of brotherhood. He has demonstrated that language is enduring; that our spoken words travel the vast empire of sound. He has shown us that the sweet words of ten-

der love this early family whispered to each other on Iran's sun-lit heights have survived all their monuments, and revealed our brotherhood.

The world is today waiting, watching, and praying for the religious philologist who will come tomorrow, and weave from the broken threads of the now scattered races the religion of the future. Out of the ruins of special faiths the new must come. It will not rise by magic, beautiful and complete, in a day. It will not spring from the ashes of the world's creeds, as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter. This temple will be built by chosen workmen, who have heads and hands strong enough for the work. Its materials will be gathered in many lands, and its structure will combine the architecture of many ages. In the council chambers where the designs of this vast temple are drawn sit in solemn meditation the arisen heroes, philanthropists, and saviors of many worlds! Already the unseen chords of a divine magnetism are drawing hither the engineer-corps to survey the ground. They are the advance-guard in science and religion. When this temple shall be completed, science and religion will be the two brazen pillars upon which the eternal arch will be reared. At its altar, lit with the sun of righteousness, they will be forever united. This temple will never corrode; it cannot decay. The avenging tread of this world's earthquakes will not shake it, and the black wing of the centuries will flash over it in vain, while the uncounted years, as they shall drop from time's eternal urn, will each plant a diamond on its fadeless walls; and when a thousand ages shall have rolled away, it will glisten in the beams of a never-setting sun.

LECTURE VI.

THE EGOTISM OF OUR AGE.

Discourse Delivered at Chicago.

WHEN misfortunes were falling rapidly upon Job, he is reported to have said, as he looked over his ruined fortune, and felt the withering blight of disease in his body: "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?" Whoever Job may have been,—whether a real person, or an ideal one framed in the mind of the Idumean poet,—he could not have expressed more clearly a thought which must impress the patient student of human life in every age.

Egotism seems to be a chronic disease in this world, and, when the tonic of some great calamity abates it, we largely reduce our estimate of individual importance. A marked feature in the career of men, nations, and races is that each in their own day indulge the vain thought that they are the most important and intelligent beings in the world. In our time, this thought is very prominent. We fancy ourselves the chosen people of the earth. There has been no time like our

time, no race like our race, and, in all that makes a great people, we are the light and glory of the earth. This egotism touches all departments of thought, and is especially manifest in modern society. Our modern orator sees a savage or a brute just beyond his great grandfather, and then indulges in rare flights of eloquence over his hair-clad ancestor. The pulpit struggles to keep alive the old traditions, and in many rural districts still insists in narrowing man's career on this earth to about six thousand years, and also claims, with no ordinary assurance, to have the only true religion vouchsafed by God to man.

Progress is quite as fruitful a theme on the spiritualistic rostrum as in sophomore debating-clubs, and is generally talked about with as little sense in the one as in the other. It is not difficult to convince the modern Spiritualist that the windows of heaven are opened especially to and for him. Indeed, we hear repeatedly of modern oracles who have revelations and manifestations no where else to be obtained. Moreover, they have become, in many instances, more dogmatic than an antique Calvinist. You must take what you get, pay as you go, and believe all you see and hear, on pain of a spiritualistic curse as arrogant as the curse of pope or priest. They have neither toleration nor charity for those who cannot feast on barren platitudes and diluted moonshine; yet such is the digestive apparatus of the average citizen that some practical nourishment is required, or we soon reach spiritual starvation.

The great fact of human progress cannot be controverted; but we must remember the law of progress is ethnical and local rather than universal and absolute.

We cannot avoid the conclusion that whatever progress may appear is, in a very large degree, relative. It is impossible, under the limitation of our thought, to add anything to the infinite and absolute. There can be neither less nor more matter and force from age to age. A larger power here upon our earth would force us to concede a less in some other part of the universe.

In so far as we are capable of forming an opinion, the eternal balance must be kept. Therefore, when we talk of progress, let us not forget we cannot add to the infinite, but we must seek it in the circle of the limited and finite. Moreover, I protest against the extravagant claims made for human progress. We are not yet at the door of the world's millennium. The vices and follies of the past still linger in the world. We have not reached the ideal government, or home, nor shall we reach them in the near future. Old questions remain unsettled, and we are facing the same great problems of life and destiny that have pressed upon man's thought for solution in every age. Let us try to divest ourselves of this spirit of personal egotism, and glance at man in the three great phases of his life: —

1. Man, as he is revealed to us in history and traditions.
2. Man, in his relation to this universe.
3. Man, in his hopes and aspirations, as the omen of his destiny.

When we turn our eyes backward over the path human feet have trod, no one fact more seriously impresses us than the brevity of human history. We can scarcely find a great ancient nation, dynasty, or empire where the written history of each does not begin in a period

of its greatest glory, or in its decline and decay. The cradle of the world's great civilizations is wrapped in a cloud of traditions. A mantle of night hangs over man's morning, and the archæologist and philologist are laboring with zeal to part it, and only partial success has as yet crowned their efforts. Moreover, the farther we extend our researches into the past, the more marvelous becomes man's career upon this earth. Arabia, Africa, Egypt, Asia, Europe, and America are alike grave-yards filled with the ashes of the pre-historic dead. We do not know in which place to look for the remains of the first man, or the first empire. Some writers tell us that in the land of Arabia, where the hot simoon sweeps over the burning sand, in that little narrow peninsula extending from the Dead Sea to the Indian Ocean, there was a great civilization in the last stages of its life. When Abraham was an infant, and before the birth of the Pharaohs, that this old civilization nursed the first dreams of empire into the warm blood of the then infant Egypt, and built the cradle for the coming Chaldea of history. Others tell us we may yet look to Africa for older antiquities, while the valley of the Nile still seems to be rich in the treasures of early man. Others point us to the floor of the Indian Ocean as the probable birth-place of the human race.

In our own country we find all about us the monuments of pre-historic man. When we look beyond the dusky savage who made this northern wilderness echo with his wild war-hoop, we see the remains of a great civilization that built cities now gone to decay, great highways the tooth of time has nearly destroyed, and many evidences of a marvelous civilization, of which we are

largely ignorant. The Chinese claim an authentic history of over four thousand years, but nearly all our so-called modern improvements precede all authentic history.

In science we are not so much in advance of the past as we may imagine. The same stars upon which we delight to look were observed by the old Arabian, Egyptian, and Chaldean away back where history fades into tradition. The arts of printing and writing, and the knowledge of sculpture and architecture, are all prehistoric. The old Mound-Builders had art, and worked in metals. Our magnetic-needle, and even telescopes, were the playthings of past ages. I suppose I should offend my audience this morning if I should assert that Chicago was not the great metropolis of the world, and yet I would kindly suggest that, in past ages, the world had Ninevah, Babylon, and several other large towns which would at least have made respectable suburbs to a city like ours. The oldest traditions of man find him a civilized being, with a country he loved, laws he obeyed, and a nationality in which he indulged all the patriotic pride we possess. Does our race today exhibit marked signs of growth? Other races have experienced the same, and gone out in darkness ages ago. The Semetic race is running its cycle. The Mongolian of a thousand years is the same being today. The black man has carried his sable skin from beyond the dawn of history.

Look at man in his history, in his traditions, in the ruins which mark his path, and he reveals to us one humanity. There are souls born into this world who scorn all hereditary laws, and assert themselves in spite

of all environment. There is to me no evidence the growth and evolution of man in one age becomes in any large degree the property of mankind in the next age. I do not believe in that progress which claims for knowledge so large a degree of inheritance. The most brilliant periods in history are not unfrequently followed by mental enervation and darkness. The law of degeneracy is as universal as the law of progress. Think of Arabia and Egypt of the past, and then see them today! Why did not the prosperity of Israel continue? Why was philosophic and cultured Greece blotted out? Why was not the best age of Roman culture perpetuated? When you have named the causes, do not forget to define the law.

While it is true that some are born more highly gifted than others, and while nations and races may differ by comparison, yet another fact is also true: Every life has to travel the stony path of experience, which no other being can do for it. "What is any given man that thou shouldst magnify him?" I am much inclined to doubt the almost-universally conceded fact that talent and virtue are in any degree transmissible. There is no doubt a phase in which parents transmit their virtues and vices, or certain physical environment, to their children, but I also think there is much egotism as well as fanaticism in our modern claims for heredity. Man is not altogether his parentage, race, or country; we must look beyond these to account for his life. What human model fashioned, or even marked out, the career of the old Napoleon? Here is a case where the soul scorned the environment of ancestry. After he had begun his career, and they had forced him into

retirement through jealousy, his eagle eye was on Asia, wherever there was an army to defeat or a battle to win, yet he walked the streets of Paris poor as any boot-black in the city. When, at last, they gave him the poor, starved, and shivering army at the foot of the Alps, his voice was like the scream of the eagle to her young, the very thrill of victory. When he had conquered the Alps, he made the Pyramids tremble with the clash of his steel, and crossed with winged feet the desert, stormed Jaffa, and laid siege to Acre. But he found the ill-fated Waterloo, and died in the paroxysms of a storm at St. Helena. From whom did Napoleon inherit his genius? Do you tell me his mother rode to battle? I suggest some of our modern disciples of heredity repeat the experiment, and report the results.

Whence did Shakespeare derive his genius? Did it come from Mary Arden and John Shakespeare, who never rose above an alderman in his native village? If a stream comes from a single fountain, how much higher will it rise than the fountain? Where the fountain whence Shakespeare derived a mind which rose like a lordly sun over the satellites of his time? Yet what is Napoleon or Shakespeare, or any man or race of men, that we should magnify them? Their lives were local. They have lent their genius to the world, but others cannot make the treasures they have borrowed their own. Thus we see man in his history and traditions travels the same road from age to age. Whatever men and nations borrow they can only absorb in the hard school of experience.

When we look over this field, we can only assert,

man in the future as in the past will rise and fall in race and government, and the babe of today, and the young stranger who shall wake to consciousness in this strange world a thousand years hence, must both begin life with a simple consciousness, and travel with their own feet — perhaps, at times, torn and bleeding — over the stony road of experience.

When we look at man in his relation to his universe, there is little to encourage egotism, or stimulate our vanity. There is a universe beneath us, and one above us. We are surrounded by immeasurable littleness, and also by immeasurable greatness. What a vast world the microscope brings to our dull sight? The wonders of life, in its diminutive forms, amaze and startle the thoughtful. The drop of dew, nestling like a lover on the beautiful face of the flower, that in a moment will be taken away by the beams of the sun, is itself a world. Life is there; and in this small dew-drop such life finds its world, and that world is its universe. How quickly would the animalcules in a drop of water resent the insult should some impudent mate intimate animalcules were not the greatest beings in this universe?

I took up a book the other day, and thought I would study some of the wonders of the ocean; and when I learned that in the deeps of the Atlantic, where no light can penetrate, where the pressure of the sea is so great no instrument can resist it, there exist millions of creatures who live and die in that ocean world, whose eyes never saw our sun, who never tasted our fruits, or inhaled the perfumed breath of our flowers. I said to myself: How vain is human egotism?

We have already learned that in acids, which would instantly kill bird, fish, or beast, there exists life adapted to its conditions. There is every evidence that the burning bowels of the volcano are a theater of life. Let us think of life in the dancing sunbeam, and then remember that, in all our experiments, we are only coasting head-land along the unmapped ocean of life in its littleness, and what a rebuke to our pride and vanity!

How much more impressive the lesson when we look at life in its greatness! We live in a great world, a world so extensive life is too short to fully encompass it. No one life can fully fathom the geography, climate, geology, and history of this earth. Thousands have attempted it, and died before they had learned its alphabet. But what is this little world where we are born and live, and love, and die? If we would know the greatness of life, we must leave it at once, and go out into the great depths of space. Look up at the moon, cold and dead, with her mountains, and what a lesson there! Her sad smiles are in keeping with her cold, dead face. But the moon is only a play-ball. Let us go on! We gaze at fair Venus,—the Goddess of Love. Her seasons, astronomers tell us, are even more mild than ours. Her day and year are shorter, her size smaller. What of life there? Do men and women live on that fair planet, and do they grow intoxicated with their own egotism, and think their country, their church, and their knowledge fills the measure of the universe? Another step and we are on fiery Mars. He has summer and winter. His seas have been drawn, and our scientists do not hesitate to tell us men and women live on that ruddy planet. What of their history and tradi-

tions? Have they, too, their buried cities? Do they fancy they have all of history, of life, and truth? Are there little sects there, who claim to hold the only through checks to Heaven? Suppose we go on to Jupiter, that stately prince of the solar system, with his attendant satellites, eleven times larger than the earth? We see no great change in his seasons as he sweeps around the sun in his long year. What of life on Jupiter? Is this planet also the birth-place of men and women, and the home of nations? If so, what a field for thought, and what volumes of history? How many millions now live on that noble planet? How many have lived, loved, and died there? Yet what is Jupiter when we look out at the worlds now crowding thick and fast upon us? See Saturn, that mighty planet millions of miles from the sun, and making his journey in little less than thirty years. Is life there also? Does some dreamy poet wake to a consciousness of the weakness of human egotism, and with a heavy sigh, exclaim: "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?" Look further on and see Neptune, and strange Uranus, carrying on his blazing brow the unread story of his life. Now, contemplate the Sun. Think of that mighty orb that heralds to the sleepy world the new-born day. Think how he holds a whole retinue of worlds by the chain of an irresistible attraction. Every pimple on his mighty face challenges the deepest thought of the scientist. Wonderful Sun! We bask in thy life-giving beams, and thank thee for the golden flood-tide of thy blessings poured with a bounteous hand upon the earth! How diminutive our lives! How dependent upon the Sun!

But our Sun is, after all, only a poor floating seaweed on the shoreless ocean of space. Scientists now tell us all the fixed stars are in motion, and that they are, no doubt, suns leading their retinue of worlds over this great sea of space. Many of these worlds are so distant it would take their light thirty million years to reach us.

Now, let us try to think of the worlds that have been the home of life, and then paled, dimmed, and died away, not even leaving to us a record of their existence, or the races that have lived and died upon them; and the plaintive sigh of the Idumean poet breaks from our trembling lips: "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?"

Have I now subdued your pride? Have you seen the emptiness of human vanity? Has the limitations of your lives grown smaller while the universe has expanded before you? Then may we turn to man in another phase for encouragement. We can look into the thought-chamber of the soul and study our hopes and aspirations as the omens of our destiny. In this inner world we shall find man endowed with a wonderful consciousness. From the hours of helpless infancy to the dim solitudes of age the deathless star of hope shines over him. A voice continually speaks to us from the depths of our own souls, and tells us we are superior to all our environment. The conscious revelation in each soul is that it is neither Semitic, Mongolian, or Caucasian. In his inner self-consciousness man knows no race. His hopes and aspirations spurn the limitation of ancestry. The law of career belongs to matter, but it does not touch this inner empire of the soul.

What we call time, or this universal record of motion, may, to the outward eye, mark our birth and our death. But, in its deepest illumination and hope, the soul spurns time. In its backward march, it walks over the petty confines of a cradle into the unmeasured deeps of the infinite. In its forward journey, it steps over the narrow limit of a coffin and a grave, and walks on into the eternal.

History is a phase of human experience, but it is only a single phase. It is a mark made by a race on some sandy beach in the morning walk of its childhood, and no more. The play-mark of the child may be washed away by the ever-advancing and retreating waves, but the child goes forward on the path of life. Human souls are not bounded by life, death, or nationality. Hope will not feed on the sad lesson of our environment. It refuses to linger among tombs and ruined cities, and dead empires, and it points with scornful finger at the wrecked caravans which lie along the path of civilization.

What cares hope for ethnical relations? When souls revel in its clear sunshine, they forget the color of their skin. They forget the peculiarities of the language in which a loving mother may have taught their infant lips to pray. They forget even the fields in which fate has doomed their tired hands to toil, and hold communion with the Eternal and Infinite. Human souls aspire when their race is fading away. When the Celt or Saxon shall find his language corrupted and dying, he will coin a new language, and pour forth his aspiration in song and prayers.

Had the unfortunate Job turned his eye inward rather

than outward, could he have looked at his own soul in its hopes and aspirations rather than his putrid body and blasted wealth, he would not have cried, with a long-drawn sigh in that hour of troubles: "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?" He would have seen beneath his leprous skin the secret power of his heavy sigh. On the clear mirror of this inward sea he could have beheld the streaming sails of Hope's fairy bark moving with tireless speed over that ocean where the waves roll on forever.

Beautiful sea! As we float on thy glassy bosom we can look beyond the bow of life's mysterious ship as it gently parts thy crystal waters, and see ever before us the arched brow of the low-bending horizon radiant with the splendors of the Infinite Love.

LECTURE VII.

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM—ITS DUTIES AND DANGERS.

Delivered at Philadelphia, Pa.

No doubt every age in man's history has been marked by great changes in human thought; such transitions will probably occur in all the ages to come; but I apprehend at no time have the pools of thought been stirred more rapidly and effectually than in our own age and country. The mental digestion of our century is remarkably acute. A great thought which may have cost the best effort of a life with some toiling philosopher will only satisfy this age for a morning's meal. An invention which, in the days of Plato, would have gratified the demands of cultured Greece for half a century is scarcely announced in our time before a call for improvement may be heard on every hand. The man who takes out letters-patent on his invention has only a day to make his fortune. Let the world have it over night, and some enterprising Yankee will whittle out a revised and improved edition before day-break,

and a tireless and sleepless press will have the biography of the Yankee, and a cut of his improvement, on the world's breakfast-table the same morning.

Ours is a period of rapid motion, and it is also a period of rapid locomotion. * We ride by steam, and talk by lightning, and we think faster than we either ride or talk. The distinguishing feature of our time is the rapidity of our mental processes. I cannot say I believe this rapid motion the most powerful, nor am I prepared to say that I regard the thought of our time the most profound. It is intense, but it can hardly be said to rise to that serene calm whence souls view the eternal verities which underlie the fleeting panorama of the phenomenal world. This thought deals largely with outward sensations and emotions, but I am not prepared to say it touches the deeper sensations and feelings in the highest and best degree ; nor would I overlook the many great men and women of our age whose souls rest in the higher and broader thought to which I allude.

Our age carries on its brow an obituary and a prophecy. It is the obituary of old forms, creeds, and opinions, and the prophecy of new hopes, and larger growth, and spiritual unfoldment for the millions yet to be. The thought and inventions of today have their birth in the intellectual realm, while this higher thought, to which I have alluded, will find its expression through the spiritual side of man. As an incident of our time, the rostrum, as distinguished from the pulpit, has become one of the most important factors in society. To the press, the rostrum, and the stage modern society looks for the most advanced thought, and the quicken-

ing of its keen sensibilities and emotions. Men and women do not go to the pulpit as the oracle of the latest revelations in science and philosophy. They look to the press and rostrum for the gleams of the last head-light on the highway of progress, and they also look to the stage for the perfection of art and the keenest touch on already-quickenened emotions. During the last fifty years the pulpit has echoed the press, the rostrum, and the stage, and the echo has generally come from so far in the rear that it has sounded very much like the sigh of autumn winds in an unfrequented graveyard.

In this period of transition, the spiritual rostrum, as distinguished from the literary and scientific, has been developed. We are also to regard it as one of the main factors in the dissemination of spiritual truth, and also as a necessary factor in the great spiritual movement now being inaugurated in the world. To it the people look for the clearest enunciation of the genius and scope of this last tidal-wave which has rolled in upon the world from the ever-ebbing and flowing sea of spiritual life. The mission of this rostrum is to teach those things which belong to the domain of the spirit, and herein may we find the first grave duty resting upon it. In the legitimate exercise of its functions, we expect to obtain from this rostrum food for the soul's earnest longings and anxious prayers, and such food as cannot be obtained so readily and pure in other fields of labor. Just so far as it fails to supply this want, just so far will the demand for its existence die out.

The first duty this rostrum owes the world is the pro-

mulgation of positive spiritual thought,—such thought as comes from deep convictions and clear perceptions of spiritual things. When we subvert this channel to secular aims and purposes, or when we give it any other character or nomenclature, we at once destroy its usefulness.

In my judgment, no man or woman is qualified to occupy a spiritual rostrum who has not a marked spiritual unfolding, or an inspiration from the great deeps of the spiritual universe equivalent thereto. Moreover, with such unfolding there will always be manifest positive conviction in the elucidation of spiritual laws and truths, and such conviction always brings a positive work. Look over the dusty pages of human history, and you shall find the men and women who have moved the world have not been the learned priests, philosophers, and statesmen, who assume scholastic airs, and adhere to dead forms, but the sincere men and women who, fired with the zeal of a great conviction, have faced the world's learning, and scorned racks, dungeons, and every pain that hoary-headed intolerance could inflict, to give utterance to their thought.

This age demands a spiritual rostrum, but it can only be maintained in so far as it becomes the vanguard of spiritual things. In every community there are thoughtful souls who, in their hours of deep meditation, touch the boundaries of the vast spiritual realm which presses upon us from every side; such individuals desire to hear all which pertains to their present and possible experience elucidated. They seek some light to lead them along the dim boundaries of a land they constantly feel, and yet can hardly explore. Hence, they

hail the hand that shall fan them with fresh breezes from the eternal hills. There are also innumerable occult laws and forces which weave together the material and the spiritual. Such forces form a sort of Jacob's ladder between the two worlds, and the man or woman who can ascend this ladder, or help others to climb it, becomes a powerful factor in a field where reapers are demanded.

Let materialism clamor for recognition, weeping love will not listen to its frigid mockery. No matter how many scholastic attitudes agnosticism may assume, or how learnedly it may proclaim the limitation of our knowledge, hearts will win where heads are too cold to grasp spiritual things. Hence, everywhere we look there exists a necessity for a spiritual rostrum, and such necessity also defines its major or primary duty.

Second. The world needs help. It demands this rostrum to help struggling mortals to attain to a spiritual life. Moreover, man needs the warm baptism of spiritual thought to help him meet present obstacles and environments. A great mountain of miseries presses heavily upon mankind. Life is, in itself, a struggle; its path is narrow. Nature has built around it great barriers of frowning rocks, frightful chasms, and bleak deserts on every side. The enemies of our happiness, in the brief stay we make on earth, are legion. Not alone are they to be found in the obstacles external nature presents, when we are successful in our battle with bitter winds and the fetid breath of hot simoons. We have not yet mastered our environment. On some rests the hand of poverty, cold and hard: on others may be seen the wounds of broken friendship and

blighted loves. On still others linger the haunting memories of fairer and more prosperous days. The busy throng who press life's pathway carry scars, or look through shadows which call for tender ministrations that are a help and solace in the great struggle of life. Just so far as our spiritual rostrum meets and dispels this shadow-side of life with the sunbeams of higher spiritual hope and knowledge, just so far will it find permanence and power in society.

The world must be taught from this rostrum the philosophy of sorrow, and the blessings which nestle under the black clouds of bereavement. How tireless should be our efforts to drive the gloom of death from society! Its unwelcome shadow, dark and somber, has fallen across the altar of nearly every home. Man is everywhere a mourner bending over a slab of granite, or block of marble, and pouring his bitter dirge into the world's ocean of tears. Who shall pour oil upon this torn deep? Who shall kiss into placid calm earth's mad billows of sorrow?

I once stood for long hours in the Forest City of my own State, watching a solemn pageantry of a Nation's sorrow. It was the funeral of President Garfield. I saw the gorgeous catafalque, black as the ebon brow of night, trimmed with its belts of gold. Snow-white doves brooded over it like pure angels just fallen from Heaven. Within that solemn pavilion was the black coffin containing the ashes of the Nation's honored son. Over his breast lay a floral wreath that England's noble Queen had contributed,—a fit offering of the Mother Country's love for him who had encircled the heavens with the flame of his genius. On either side were

enough floral emblems that wounded love had offered to have built a tomb for the martyred president.

I watched the uncounted thousands of old and young, rich and poor, marching through the pavilion with uncovered heads, while soldiers, leaning upon their guns in solemn stillness on either side, and great cannon draped in mourning, lent a deeper shade to the picture before me. Then I looked at the thousands who thronged the streets. Everyone mourning as for a dear friend; and I said to myself: What a lesson here? How useful these tears? The hand of an assassin has let fall a dewy baptism of love upon the world. The swarded soil of the world's heart is broken, and the noble Garfield, now gone up higher, can look back from the serene heights of Heaven, and see the deathless flame of love that is now kindled.

It is not my purpose to canvass the great field of labor now ripe for the spiritual rostrum. No one can canvass this field in a single discourse. Two eternities are before us, two oceans kiss our feet with their restless waves. Each bids us enter and explore. The one is the mighty past whose bounds are illimitable, the other is the mighty future over whose unexplored breast we shall sail forever. In these limitless fields we may find ample scope for a spiritual rostrum to do its work, and the ability and earnestness with which it does it will determine its success.

Permit me to point out to you some of the dangers which threaten our rostrum, and which in many places have destroyed its existence and usefulness:—

First. I think one of the deadliest foes to the success of our rostrum has been a spirit of reckless denuncia-

tion. Young blood is warm. New converts are zealous, and those whose spiritual eyes have been open to see new and larger truths than they have found in the past not unfrequently forget the good there is in it.

We are very apt to over-estimate ourselves. We also under-estimate the mighty forces which have preceded us. The past is our mother and our friend. We stand on the summit of ages, and our eminence has cost the fruit and toil of centuries. The road to this summit is red with the blood of martyrs and patriots. Not a milestone on the journey hither from the long night of the past but is scarred by the records of unnumbered prophets, of whom their age was unworthy, and whose silent dust is desecrated by the noisy tramp of the on-coming millions who neither think or dream of the sacred ashes under their feet. We cannot despise our mother for the deep furrows upon her face, nor the silver crown the long years have left as their legacy upon her brow. We should not recklessly denounce the past because our thought seems larger and more perfect. Moreover, the past of which I have been speaking is, in my judgment, only a day when compared with the yet mightier past, which now eludes the eye of both the scientist and historian. Beyond man, as we see him today, hovering on the dim confines of brutedom, beyond the point where both history and tradition pale and fade away, there lies the eternal past, blossoming in the fullness of God's unclouded morning. Still more: I believe that, in this morning, the Omnipotent One did not see its grandeur alone. The voice of the wind and bird may have been a part of nature's orchestra, but I am sanguine man, too, was there in the royal loveliness

of his golden age, musical as the gods who strike their lyres in the blue heavens above us.

This tendency to denunciation is sometimes equally pronounced upon the facts which have developed the rostrum from whence they emanate. So long as astronomers depend upon the stars in the midnight sky; so long as the geologist looks to the fossils of reptile, bird, and beast; so long as the physiologist depends upon the perpetually-recurring fact of our bodily organs, so long must a spiritual rostrum tenderly regard all the facts in man's spiritual experience both past and present, and by these facts build the tower which reaches from earth to Heaven. Each fact must stand or fall for itself, and the world has a right to know what are facts, and to draw the line between fact and fiction. Out of this perhaps now somewhat tangled mass this rostrum should weave the gorgeous robes of man's immortal future.

Second. Our rostrum is losing its power for want of coherency. Indeed, here is one of its great failures,—failures which, if not soon repaired, will destroy its life and usefulness. In two of the Spiritualist papers may be seen a list of nearly two hundred speakers who occupy this rostrum, all but one of whom, I think, are now in the United States. We may be safe in saying these journals have not two-thirds of those who do or would occupy this rostrum were it made effective for public usefulness. Yet while this rostrum has existed for thirty years, there has been no effort to unite these forces to give it a definite aim.

We have no army. We are only an unnumbered, and an almost unknown, number of private pickets,

each carrying on a warfare of his own, and choosing his own weapons and mark to fire at. Some fire up toward the sky, some fire down to the ground, while others draw a direct line at the heads and hearts of the people; some use a bow and arrow, others an old flint-lock gun, which not unfrequently holds fire, and then again scatters terribly, and there are still others who use breech-loading guns, and every shot kills an enemy to man's spiritual progress. The marks at which we aim are equally diverse, and I have sometimes thought we present to the world quite as ludicrous a picture as did the Midianites after Gideon's lapping mediums had blown their horns, and they turned upon each other.

We differ much upon all the great questions which have agitated the human mind in all ages. Some are trolling the muddy waters of atheism, others repose in serene calm on the breast of the infinite love. Not a few are at the door of the cold charnel-house of materialism, where the horrid stench of decayed corpses sends forth its stifling breath as volcanoes spit smoke and cinders; yet, with all our differences, there is much of unity and the spirit of charity. We have had many conventions and successful camp-meetings for Spiritualists. Let us hope the time will soon come when those who occupy this rostrum may meet to discuss all which pertains to its power, that we may become a coherent and systematic force, illuminating the world's sky with the light of spiritual truth, made powerful by the fires of inspiration.

Third. We are in danger of fossilization; when this rostrum halts in the great march of progress, other forces will take its place. So long as an equal or greater

amount of spiritual food can be obtained in the pulpit, the people will not seek a rostrum which offers for its auditors little of personal comfort, and none of the graces art and wealth have placed on the old altars to attract the eye and please the ear. Our success depends wholly upon our ability and zeal, and the forces which inspire us. We have no costly edifices, adorned with all the beauty art can command; no massive bells to chime their happy welcome to the world's busy feet; no cushioned pews inviting the weary worldling to calm repose; no great organs to pour forth their deep bass with the minstrelsy of many voices, making the air vocal with the songs of praise. We can only draw by the unaided fires of our genius and inspiration.

Moreover, in an age of rapid thought, rapid changes are demanded in the presentation of truth. The masses soon weary of looking at any given object. You must change the lights and shades, and, if necessary, introduce new combinations of old colors. Truth is Argus-eyed, and many sided; hence, the view must be changed often to show its brightness. Let this rostrum become a chronic croaker of a single thought, and persist in such thought alone, and it will drive those who surround it away, or into a mental dyspepsia as gloomy as the creed of Calvinism. Fulsome praise of this new era of spiritual power has already become chronic upon this rostrum. Truth does not need eulogies; all it asks is a vigorous presentation. Live thought is like lightning,—it dazzles the eye and strikes the heart. This age calls for rapid mental action, and profound thought.

I need not pursue my theme further this morning to show you the great demand which exists for a spiritual

rostrum, and the many dangers which threaten its life and usefulness.

There is, however, another side to my subject which I cannot overlook. This side is its dual opposite. Here may be found duties the Spiritualists owe to their rostrum, and those whom they call to address them, duties which, I am sorry to say, rest lightly upon the great mass of Spiritualists. No people with equal wealth and power have done less to leave enduring monuments behind them. Our journey thus far has been like the traveler over the desert sands, where the breath of the wind follows his march and obliterates the tracks of his feet. *Where are our monuments?* The wandering Arab will point to some stately mosque busy hands have reared to commemorate the birth and death of his prophet. The older American left behind him the sacred mounds of his fathers, who turned their devout eyes, with hearts full of thankfulness, to catch the first bright beams of the morning sun. Even the Indian leaves in his path some pile of stone to mark the graves of his kindred, and blazes a tree that at least a generation may know his track, or tell the spot where the smoke of his wigwam ascended. *Where are our monuments?* Who cast the college bells which call hither the willing feet of our children? Who has founded our great libraries and academies for the arts? Where are our colleges, our day-schools, and Sunday-schools? Where are our halls, made sacred to spiritual growth? Where the temples we have reared, and the great philanthropies we have founded and encouraged?

Let Spiritualists also remember their rostrum does not depend alone upon the speaker. The audience is

the prompter upon which the successful rendering of the play depends. "You cannot grow grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." Nor can you obtain brilliant thought from an audience devoid of zeal or aspiration. Only now and then does some daring genius strike a heavenly lyre where there are no heaven-tuned ears to hear it.

Guard, then, I implore you, your rostrum as did the Greeks their tripod, and it shall become your oracle. It will be to you a prophet, singing the songs and repeating the prayers of ages yet to follow. It will be more than a prophet,—it will be your best counselor and your friend; its councils will be calm and wise, and its friendship true as Damon's love for Pythias. Pour, then, I implore you, over this altar the oil of your heart's best sacrifice. Drop upon it your tears, and offer by it your prayers, that we may blend our prayers and our tears together, and have them here transformed in the magical light of a higher and clearer inspiration.

LECTURE VIII.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Abstract of an Address Delivered at Ottumwa, Iowa.

NEAR nineteen centuries have come and gone since the "Man of Nazareth" looked into the sturdy face of a Roman governor, while the vision of his own death rose before him, and exclaimed: "Thou sayest I am king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I unto the world that I might bear witness unto the truth." No doubt the features of the Roman then glowed with a new light, as he looked wonderingly into the face of the victim of the Cross, and asked: *What is Truth?*

It would seem that if ever a question demanded an answer, this should have received it. Did ever an occasion call for reply, this was that occasion.

The man who asked this question was in every sense qualified to ask it. He was a man high in authority. Moreover, he had received his commission from one of the most powerful governments the world had ever known. It was no doubt an empire such as this world

will never know again. It was an empire which had grown from a mere band of banditti on the banks of the Tiber to be the mistress of the world. Pilate had received his commission from a brilliant age of this great empire. It was an age when the seal of the murdered Cæsar was an amulet in the hands of every Roman in power. It was the last opportunity of Jesus to speak. He was now in the grim and silent halls of judgment. The populace were clamoring for his crucifixion. Why did he not answer the question? He knew Pilate was at heart his friend.

Is silence at a moment when unborn ages demand speech the best evidence of messiahship? We can ask all these questions today, and the echo of our question will be its only answer. Pilate and Rome, and Jesus and Judea, have passed into history. Both were no doubt unwilling actors in a drama wherein pale death draws the curtain upon which history writes names immortal. One rose to the distinction of a governor in life, and death and history have given him no more. The other had neither fame, honor, or riches in this life, yet the magic of his name has traversed the centuries. He is today an inspiration to millions; and, while morality lives, or religion has a devotee, his name will be spoken in tenderness, and voiced in song and in tears.

Let us return to the question: What is truth? Truth has been defined to be "that which is true or certain concerning any given subject or thing. Verity, reality." A very able thinker has said: "Truth is the perception by the mind of that which is." It seems to me it might be quite as clearly defined by saying: It is the unchangeable amid the changeable, the permanent in the tran-

sient, the substance behind the shadow. It is everything in its last and final analysis. It is that point where nothing can be added, where there is no subtraction, and where there can be no division. Truth knows neither time, sex, or relation, yet it holds in its eternal arms all time and all relations.

We need not worry for the safety of truth. Bury it under the *débris* of hoary error for a thousand years, and it will rise at last, smiling just as sweet as though it had been touched by a short and pleasant dream. Truth does not depend upon men or institutions, but they depend upon the truth. There are three great departments of thought, in each of which the human mind is no doubt endeavoring to discover truth. I allude to science, philosophy, and religion. But when we survey either field, a strange medley meets us. It is everywhere an arena wherein opposing forces rise and fall in endless perspective.

The scientific world is in constant commotion. The conclusions of scientists continually change. They anchor a buoy, or plant a mile-stone in the path of the traveler today only to change the direction of the index-finger tomorrow.

The same is true in philosophy and religion. Man wakes to consciousness with the problem of the universe before him. No matter which way his wondering eyes may look, a sphynx confronts him with her riddle. The objective world without, and the subjective world within, like the changing scenes of a panorama, dazzle his eyes and intoxicate his senses. Our scientist tells us this wonderful world in which we live is wrought out of matter; that earth, air and sky are alike matter. So,

also, are all the diversified forms about us. The rocks piled in wild confusion by the volcano's fiery breath, the flowers blushing in the kisses of the dew, the myriad forms of life on land and sea, are all matter. In a word, we are told that matter is the substance of the world. Suppose we ask the scientist to define matter? Can he do it?

How conflicting the views of scientists regarding the development of life? One class are ready to aver special creative energy, while another sees an orderly process of evolution. How diverse the opinions regarding man's place in the world? Does one see him as an extension of animal life, another will tell us he is the special and perfect work of an Almighty hand. Where did he first appear to take the world committed to his care? Does a Winchell reply: On the old Lemuria, slumbering under the waters of the Indian Ocean. Mr. Baldwin would point us to the land of Arabia, another to Egypt, and another to the high lands of Central Asia.

How did man come? Did he come as one race, or many? Has one race differentiated into the several races now known, or are race-types as fixed and permanent as the hand that formed them? What is truth? When came man to this changing world? Has he gone down with the continents sunk in the sea? Did his infant eye first behold an embowered Eden? or did they rest on the same ragged rock or frowning cliff? How vast the field of research before us!—How vain the egotism that arrogates to itself a perfect science, or absolute truth? It is not improbable all our present views of

matter may change. Indeed, it may be said it is more than probable.

The philosopher faces the same problem, but he looks from another point-of view. From the days of Thales to our age the same warfare has been waged in search of truth. The old Ionian school undertook to find the real substance of the world. Thales declared it water, but Anaximander replied, not water, but air. Pythagoras thought he found it in numbers, while Xenophon declared the one reality was God. Locke affirmed the reality of substance, but to Fichte the external world was only the shadow of the subjective world within. Bacon startled Europe with his experimental method, but Descartes could find no peace until he looked within and analyzed his own thought. We can look back today and bless all the brave thinkers who have looked out and guessed at the riddle of the universe. But the same sphynx meets us that met them. She stands behind the humblest phase of life pointing with a derisive smile into the dimness and darkness beyond.

If we look over the religious world, still more apparent are the anomalies presented. Where shall we find the true system of religion? Has God given man an infallible religious truth to guide his erring footsteps? If so, let us try to discover it. If we would be just, we must not confine ourselves to one little community. We must become acquainted with the religions of the world. Let us go to India, that beautiful tropical peninsula washed by the Indian Ocean, and over whose green fields and happy villages the snow-capped Himalayas look down in all their stately grandeur. There we may pass from one little village-community to an-

other only to find a contented and happy people. Ask the Hindoo where we can find religious truth, and he will point us to the pale ascetic pacing under the shades of a banyan tree. Let us interrogate him. This man, with pale face, and wild, glaring eye, will tell us to study the sacred Vedas, and drink the juice of the soma-plant. We may, if we follow his direction, at last reach a state of highest felicity. But suppose we are not satisfied with the Brahman, and go to Ceylon. We there ask for religious truth, and are referred to the Buddha. They will tell us Buddha revealed the sacred truth to all men; we need not doubt his saviour. His tooth rests on a gold lotus-leaf encased with rubies, diamonds, and pearls too sacred for the touch of human hands. Moreover, his religion has more believers than any other on earth. But we will not tarry in the delightful groves of Ceylon. Let us journey to Arabia. Here we may look in vain for the old shepherd-kings who once inhabited this land, now sad and dejected. We will hail the nomadic sovereign of the desert, as the hoofs of his flying steed beat the barren sands: "Sir, where shall we find religious truth?" He will stop his panting steed, and tell us, with pride, that many centuries ago a prophet was born at Mecca. That when in the cave, on Mount Heira, this prophet heard the voice of Gabriel. To him was revealed the sacred truth. We must read the Koran, look to the Kaaba at Mecca, and bathe in the sacred waters of the Zem Zem. To that Kaaba one hundred and fifty millions turn their faces in prayer, and each night its myriad lamps glitter under the light of the stars. But we will leave this land where the white-flowered coffee-tree scents the air, and the stately

tamarind throws out its generous leaves to shade the way-worn pilgrim. We will come to Europe and America, and ask for religious truth. The popular voice replies that Christianity is the only true religion, and we must look to it for the highest religious truth. We may concede that it is the dominant religion of the most progressive people of the world. But as we are seeking the highest light, we naturally inquire for the best phase of Christianity. Where shall we find it?

Let a man come to this planet from some other world, and, after having investigated all other systems of religion, publicly proclaim his conviction that Christianity contained the highest truth. Moreover, that he now desired the best form of Christianity, and to obtain it he might be found in some one of our great commercial centers ready to receive instruction. What do you think would be that man's experience? He would have to encounter the advance agents of several hundred petty sects, each zealous for a convert. One would proceed to tell him immersion was the only way to salvation, and pull him toward the water with all the impudence of a patent-medicine vender. Before he could extricate himself from the Baptist, an antique Presbyterian insists upon reading him their articles of faith. To add to his consternation, an irrepressible Methodist shouts free grace in his ears, while a full-robed Episcopal demands his assent to the creed of the Established Church; while a Talmage is picturing to him the intolerable atmosphere of an Orthodox hell, the generous-hearted Universalist persists in giving him a free pass to Heaven.

You can already begin to imagine this man's experi-

ence as every tick of the clock brings a fresh arrival in the army of the Lord. One cries trinity, another says unity. One says keep Saturday, and another says keep Sunday.

Do you not suppose the stranger would soon pray for some winged Pegassus that he might mount him, booted and spurred, and go back to the world from whence he came? What an interesting story he could relate to his people of Christians, should he be fortunate enough to get back? What is truth?

No system of religion is wholly true, and none can be wholly false. A falsehood is a blank,—a cipher. It is the truth in each which has given them vitality. It is the false in each which gives rise to their anomalies. They all rest upon a reality. They have their origin deep in the soul of man. In every age man has looked into the same mirror, but the image reflected has always borne the marks of his own personality. Religion is real, but the form of its expression is transient. When man was a poor savage, nestling in the roots of trees, she bent, like a loving mother, over him, brushed back his matted and tangled hair, kissed his sooty cheek, and bade him fight bravely with wind, wave, and beast.

You may blot out all the world's bibles, demolish every altar, commit to the greedy flames every creed, and leave human nature as it is, and new bibles, creeds, and saviours would appear. Man tries to solve the problem of nature, forgetting that he is within himself the enigma of the universe. Science, philosophy, and religion face the same universe, but they look at it from different sides. So, also, each special science takes a limited and local view. The astronomer, looking up

into the star-lit heavens through the expanded eyes of the telescope, and the pale chemist in his laboratory watching, with eager gaze, solid matter fade, dim, and die away, are each dealing with the same problem. The scientist has sometimes rebuked the religionist as dealing with the unknown and unknowable, yet he stands by the same shoreless sea. Does he today ask the religionist: what is soul? He can easily reply: what is matter? Does he contend the religions of the world are partial, contradictory, and changeable? The same may be said of science. Does he ask the religionist whence came his God? He can easily ask the scientist whence came your law of evolution, and natural selection? Does he say the theory that God made a world is ridiculous, he can retort that it is not more absurd than that blind and thoughtless force should evolve a law of evolution and natural selection.

What is truth? Let us say this: that every great historical religion rests upon a fundamental verity. It touches the shoreless sea of truth at some point. Moreover, that science also rests upon a reality, but that each is, no doubt, fragmentary and partial. Still further let us aver that every great religious truth is intensely scientific, and that every scientific truth will be found at last to be intensely religious. Science and religion were born of the same mother, but in the years of struggle and separation they have forgotten their nativity.

I am here to present the claims of a new factor in the world's thought,—one which, I believe, gives to science more heart, and to religion more head. I do not come in the interest of any "ism," or as the advocate of any

creed. I am here to present the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy. It leads us along a line of internal discovery. Its advent is opportune; it came when science was hunting for a soul in earth, rock, and the slime of primeval seas; when Darwin was preparing to introduce man to his hairy ancestor, and Mansel and Spencer were formulating the ethereal foundations of modern agnosticism; when religion had degenerated into a cold formalism, and the irrepressible conflict between science and religion was gathering upon every side; it has come to reveal the brotherhood of each, and light in the gloomy night of death a star of hope. Its church is universal; its creed warm and fraternal; and its temple will endure when suns and stars go out in night.

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Extract from an Anniversary Address Delivered at Chicago.

THE magnitude of the event we this day celebrate will widen and deepen as the circling years roll on. We must not forget the greatest events are not always the most noisy and imposing. Nature veils her most marvelous work in humility. Superficial eyes and ears are captivated with the wild, picturesque, and daring. But philosophers meditate upon the silent forces which precede the more noisy manifestation. The wild flight of a comet might dazzle ten thousand eyes, and terrify as many hearts, and yet not one of all the quaking multitude pauses to think of the long silent forces which projected it into life. All classes are moved by the majestic tragedy of the storm. The lightning's quiver, the wild shriek of the winds, and the heavy tread of the thunder, move their sensuous perception. How few the number who have felt its gathering forces in the hollow air! Vulgar eyes can see an avalanche falling and crashing in the mountain canyons. How few have watched the far-fallen sunbeam cut with a noiseless blade the chords that bound it to its mountain home!

Man, in his history, repeats the processes of nature. The most wonderful events are not always visible to

the eyes which see them. Not in the smoke and carnage of battle, not in the pomp and splendor of glittering palaces and golden crowns, shall we find the forces that have moved the world. Such forces gather almost unnoticed around the pillars of empire and religious altars, and while the guardians of each have slept in fancied security, they have entirely revolutionized thought, and not unfrequently dug the grave of empire. Rome never thought herself more secure than when a northern horde was ready to sack the city. The Greek enjoyed his games in content while Philip was digging the grave of the republic. Jesus was hardly known beyond unhappy Judea in his life-time. We have no evidence that his sayings were reduced to writing for more than a hundred years after the echo of his last groan died away from Calvary. Yet a force centered in his inspiration that widened and deepened until temples crumbled to dust, and thrones tottered and fell in its path. Paganism, with the seal of centuries upon it, did not dream a rival force was centering that should soon throttle its life. It stretched forth its withered hand to smite the stranger, but the blow was given too late. Mohammed in his cave attracted no notice, but when he came back from Medina, thundering at the gates of Mecca, all trembled in fear before him.

He has looked over the sea of history in vain who has not observed times of marked spiritual activity all along the ages. Such periods are preceded by their dual opposite, or by times when man becomes skeptical of the spiritual universe, or so immersed in material things it is lost to his apprehension. A central force always marks this new era of spiritual unfolding, just as each

wave which sweeps over the ocean is, by a given power, projected. The decline of faith is as natural to history as the decline of strength is to old age. When spiritual activities become so pronounced that every dream of the imagination is transformed into a spiritual reality, then these periods of reaction come, and skepticism, protesting against the tyranny and superstition of belief, takes the throne and wields the most brutal lash of the tyrant.

Looking over the condition of the world's thought at the advent of modern Spiritualism, we cannot fail to be impressed with the wonderful dearth of spiritual power in this country and Europe. The fires of its early inspiration had died out from nearly every Christian altar, while over the dead embers of each fell the shadow of an abhorrent ritualism. Our churches had forgotten the living spiritual forces, and were groping their way through the darkness of ancient tombs. Apostolic signs and wonders had ceased. Inspiration had become antique. The gifts of the early Fathers had departed from their posterity. Skepticism, like a frightful nightmare, haunted the slumbers of mankind. The bleak winds of materialism were scattering hope's withered leaves over the ashes of buried love. Young science faced the world with the head of a giant, but its heart was cold as the icy mansions the mad north winds build around the tongues of the polar seas. In this night of skepticism Spiritualism was born. Do you ask what its force today? I reply it does not come simply from the fact that we hold converse with spiritual beings, nor does it come from the superior knowledge revealed in these communications. Such facts are as old as human his-

tory. But its force lies in the new wave these facts have started on the shoreless sea of thought. Christianity did not derive its power from any new truth Jesus proclaimed. His teachings did not rise above the culture of his time. His so-called miracles were not new. The old temples of Egypt had witnessed as great wonders for centuries. Apollonius of Tyana, and Simon, the wonder-worker, were competitors with his power. But Jesus marked a new cycle in the world's thought, just as Spiritualism, in 1848, marked a reaction from the world's skepticism.

What shall be its future? See what it has already accomplished! Its work clearly will not be to build up a new sect in the world. It does not build up new altars. It writes no creeds. This work all preceded its coming. Protestantism had reached the last stage of individualization when the raps of 1848 startled the world. Nor will it flood the world with new teachers.

Those first called to service are fast dropping out. Only a few of the Johns, who went forth crying for the new kingdom and the new king, are now heard. Call the roll today, and how many of the old veterans have been discharged,—some by poverty, some by sickness, and many by death. The busy world now tramps over their nearly-unmarked graves, and has almost forgotten their labors. When we call this long roll, the names of Edmonds, White, Sargent, Wilson, and Finney, with his tongue of fire, rise like a magical mirror before us, and we call out to them from the earth-bank of life: "All hail to your risen spirits! You lived five hundred years too soon for the comfort of your days!" The ranks are not recruiting as they go with the same class

of soldiers. They were the rugged volunteers, but now recruits come from the world's military schools. It builds no new altars, but it is lighting anew the old ones. It is not enlarging its distinctive journalism and literature, but it has taken possession of all journals. It does not reproduce the Harrises and Dotens of other days, but it finds a larger, and, if possible, a sweeter voice breaking from the lips of the old masters.

This great busy world lives today under the hallowed light of Spiritualism; it smiles in every cradle; echoes in every school-bell; speaks in pulpit, pew, and in all the activities and industries of our age. The world's spiritual side is warmer than ever before. The unseen universe is nearer, the grave has less gloom, science has more heart, philosophy has more breadth of soul. If all this has been accomplished in thirty-four years, what shall the centuries bring? What shall be its force when this wave reaches the mid-ocean of its power? I tremble when I contemplate a future so vast. What matters it if your toils and mine are forgotten so the work goes forward? Have our tired hands helped to raise one stone, or our tears moistened one seed that shall blossom in the world's tomorrow, we can be content.

Standing on the grave of the four-and-thirty years now gone, I can look far out on the future path and see slowly, yet surely, rising the massive columns of that temple "yet to be." This is not a vain dream. It is the ecstasy born of prophecy. As the wave rolls onward, I see old temples totter and fall, special faiths and creeds go to decay, empires, red with blood, washed away, and this temple of and for humanity slowly build-

ing. I can hear the echo of the busy workman's strokes over rivers, seas, and continents. Like the temple of old, each stone is hewed and numbered in its quarry, and these are from every nation. It is the world's temple universal, built by the toiling ages. Within its spacious walls the poorest, weakest children of earth shall find their native home, and its altar will be lit forever with the smile of the Infinite!

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Extract from an Address Delivered before the Colored People of Northern Ohio.

By a strange providence in history, when wise men are wanted, God raises up one for the occasion. Abraham Lincoln was the black man's Moses, to lead him through the Red Sea of war to the fair Canaan of his hopes.

Did ever the world witness another such a struggle as followed Lincoln's election?

You can, many of you, remember when he left home, in Springfield, to take the chair at Washington. His life in danger from the mob, he went through Baltimore in disguise to take the oath of office. Several States had already seceded from the Union. Then came the war of 1861. I do not like to think of it today. It is like the remembrance of some horrid nightmare we would

fain forget. I see the brooding heavens grow black as midnight with the coming storm. The red lightnings are quivering upon the bosom of the angry cloud, and thunders of battle roll, like the tread of an avenging angel, over the nation. Now the iron hail is tearing the stony breast of Fort Sumter. The old flag, under which our fathers conquered, falls in disgrace, and the hateful Palmetto takes its place.

You all know what followed. I need not remind you of Lincoln's call for volunteers, or picture to you the bitter contest,—a contest wherein brothers, born of the same mother, crossed swords in deadly conflict. It is enough that I point you to yonder grave-yard, and let the mute lips of marble speak for me. Go, read yonder that death-roll. But you shall not stop there. Unlock the gates of every cemetery from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf, yet you have not all. Gather the bones, bleaching and discoloring, on the faded soil of the Sunny South. Find the unmarked and unknown graves, from Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Gettysburg, Atlanta, Vicksburg, and a hundred other battle-fields. You must not stop here. Go, gather from the voiceless silence of the deep the bodies that have fed the ocean's hungry monsters, and then answer what it cost. Near two and a half years the storm of battles raged, and the nation trembled in the balance.

At last came the proclamation, already read in your hearing, as a last resort in the war.

You, my colored friends, had freely offered your lives to a nation which, even in the very jaws of death, was only too tardy in breaking, or attempting to break, the chains on the limbs of your wives and children.



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But emancipation at last came, and with it victory to our army. Your race proved their valor in many a hard-fought engagement. The rebellion was broken, the nation was saved, and the black man was made free. Moreover, you stand here today clothed with the ballot, that "potent weapon of a free man's will." Let me admonish you, in closing, that great privileges bring with them great responsibilities. Your chains were broken. In this we are all rejoiced. No more auction-blocks; no more slave-pens; no more baying hounds pursuing panting fugitives; no more shall wives be torn from husbands' arms; no more children sold from mothers' breasts, regardless of a mother's love, and woman's tender tears; no more shall virtue be offered for gold in the shambles, and modesty shrink, with no power to redress the insults of brutes; no more bleeding and lacerated Uncle Toms; no more flying Elizas!

But you have much to do for your race. Freedom is first, but it is not all. The ballot is a power, but this power cannot be successfully wielded without education. You must encourage your people to obtain homes, where love may abide within, and without flowers shall bloom, and the people's grape and luscious fruit smile in the kisses of the sun. Where once stood the slave-pen, let school-houses be built, and the glad chime of school-bells call your children to the banquet science offers mankind. Prove your worth by your integrity, your progress, and your virtues, and a grateful nation will bless you with its strength, and guard the humblest cot, where your loved ones sleep, with its irresistible power.